

# The Midwest Quarterly

*A JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT*

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A JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT, is published by the Kansas State College of Pittsburg in January, April, July, and October.

THE OBJECTIVE of the editors of THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY is to discover and publish scholarly articles dealing with a broad range of subjects of current interest. In no way competing with the more specialized journals, THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY seeks discussions of an analytical and speculative nature rather than heavily documented research studies.

THE EDITORS will be glad to examine manuscripts from all who are interested in submitting them. It should be pointed out that, ideally, these manuscripts should not exceed five thousand words in length, that they treat subjects of contemporary significance, and that they be interesting and readable. All manuscripts should be legibly typed (no carbon copies accepted!) and accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope for return.

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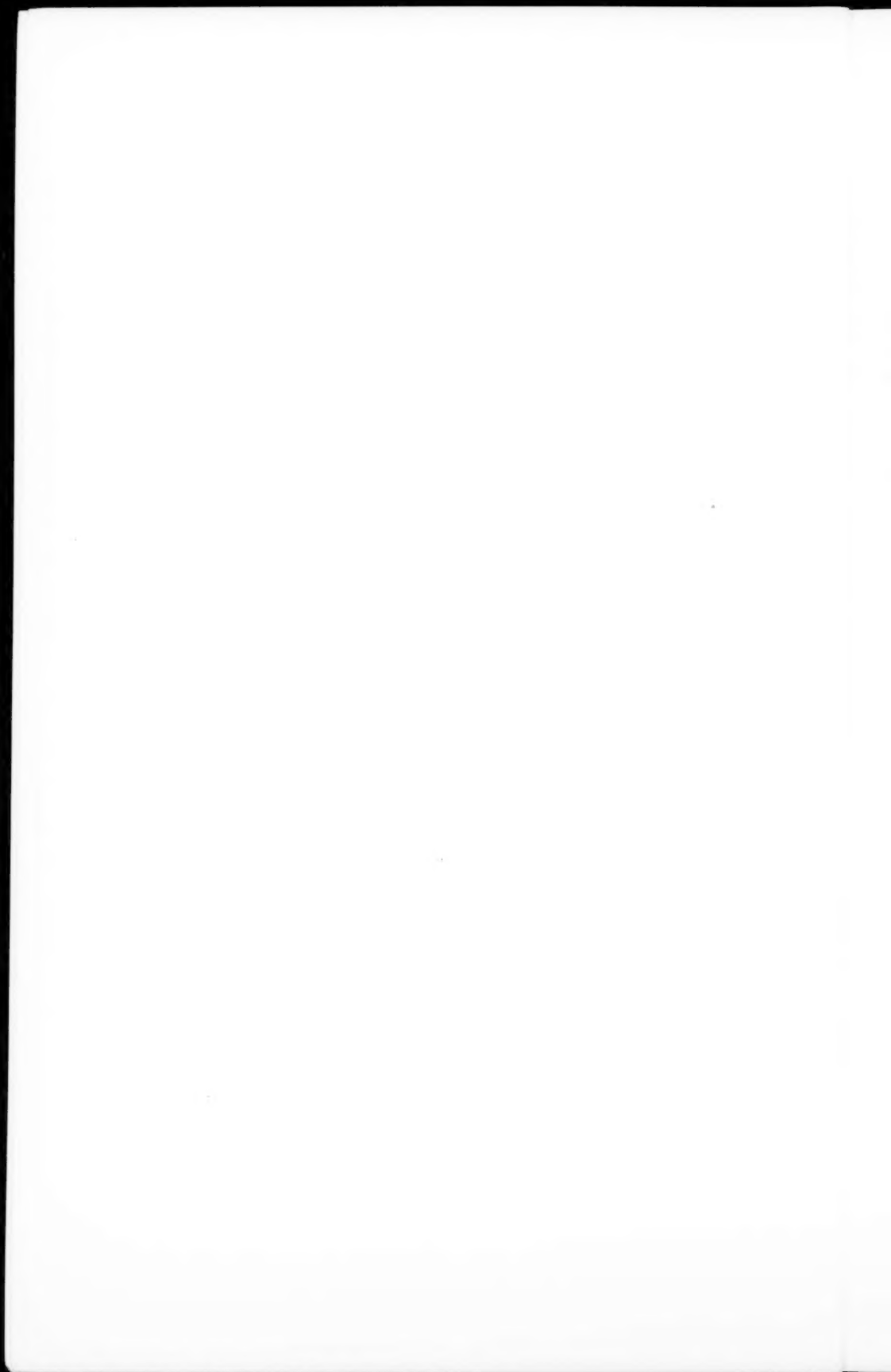
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## *in this issue . . .*

AS THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY begins its third year of publication, the editors present an issue containing articles on our customarily wide variety of subjects. In this issue, however, we present our first discussions of American education. In view of the fact that this journal is the successor to *The Educational Leader* published by this college for over twenty years, it may seem a little strange that it has taken us so long to arrive at this point. The explanation is an easy one: we have made it a rule to use only the best of all the manuscripts submitted to us, and the first two articles in this number are the first of many manuscripts in the general area of education to meet what we consider to be our high standards. The second brace of articles deals with two somewhat related aspects of contemporary European life. The last two articles treat unrelated areas of western American life and letters.

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY has proclaimed November 5 through 11 as American Education Week, according to recent advice from the Washington office of the National Education Association. It therefore seems entirely appropriate that the first two articles in our fall issue should be concerned with two aspects of American education. The first of these looks ahead to make proposals for careful and intelligent planning on the basis of past experience and future needs. The author, LLOYD P. WILLIAMS, is associate professor of educational philosophy at the University of Oklahoma, Norman. He earned his bachelor's and master's degrees at North Texas State College and his Ph. D. at the University of Texas. He has taught at Ohio State University in addition to Austin and Norman, and he was for a time Dean of Liberal Arts at Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio. He is the author of numerous articles and book reviews; *The Educational Forum* recently published his "Essay on the Value of Tradition."

FRANKLIN PARKER's article on Harold Rugg was his 1960 presidential address before the Southwest Philosophy of Education Society. Professor Parker attended Berea College in Kentucky, the University of Illinois, and George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tennessee. Since 1958 he has taught at the University of Texas in the Department of History and Philosophy of Educa-

tion. As Kappa Delta Pi Fellow in International Education, 1957-58, he did research in Africa which resulted in his book, *African Development and Education in Southern Rhodesia*, published in 1960 by the Ohio State University Press. Currently, he has a Fulbright grant for research on Mass Media Effects on Africans in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. He has contributed articles on Africa to the *Encyclopedia Americana Annual* and to other publications. He recently contributed to the book, *John Dewey: Master Educator*, edited by William W. Brickman and published earlier this year by The Society for the Advancement of Education.

NEARLY EVERY LITERATE AMERICAN has read a dozen or more articles on Berlin in the past decade, but discussions of another historic European city lying some three hundred miles east of the German capital are relatively rare. Warsaw is over four hundred miles inside the Iron Curtain, which helps to explain the general dearth of observations on attitudes and conditions there. When WILLIAM M. PANTER approached us last summer with a comprehensive and unusual report of his visit to the ancient Polish capital, we were quick to welcome him and it. A native Sooner, Mr. Panter did his undergraduate work in history at Northeastern Oklahoma State College, Tahlequah, after which he earned the master of arts degree in history at George Peabody College in Nashville and carried on advanced study at Harvard and Vanderbilt universities. Since 1957 he has been an instructor in the department of education and psychology at Kansas State College of Pittsburg, teaching ninth and tenth grade social studies in College High laboratory school. In May of 1959 he left here for a fourteen-month sojourn to Scheveningen, Holland, where he was headmaster of a private school organized for the American community in that part of the Netherlands. While in Europe, he travelled widely with his wife and small son, visiting some eighteen countries including Austria, Belgium, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, and Yugoslavia. During the summer of 1960, just before returning to the States, he ventured alone into East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. His report here published is one of the fruits of that expedition.

WHILE KAREL HULICKA did not visit Soviet Russia last summer, he is still highly qualified by experience and training to discuss many facets of Russian economy and politics. Readers of THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY will recognize him as the author of "Soviet Nationality

Policy" which we published last January (Volume II, Number 2). A native of Prague, Czechoslovakia, he was educated there and in the United States. He holds the Ph. D. in political science from the University of California, Berkeley, and taught at the universities of Minnesota and Oklahoma before joining the faculty of the University of Buffalo, New York, where he is associate professor of history and government. He has written many articles on various aspects of Soviet life; these have appeared in American, European and African publications including *Land Economics*, *Adult Leadership*, *The Southwestern Social Science Quarterly*, *Soviet Studies*, *The Journal of Politics*, and *The South African Journal of Economics*. The editors are pleased to present his second contribution to this journal, a careful analysis of the theory and practice of Russian welfare state policies.

KING, CHARLES (1844-1933), army officer in the Civil War, various Indian campaigns, and the Spanish-American War. Besides military accounts of frontier encounters, he wrote books for boys, and such novels as *The Colonel's Daughter* (1883), *A War-Time Wooing* (1888), and *Under Fire* (1894)." That is all *The Oxford Companion to American Literature* has to say about this almost completely forgotten writer, and *The Cambridge History of American Literature* gives him only passing mention. SAMUEL J. SACKETT, however, has found him worth reading and considering, if only because King offers some clues to the answer of the old question: why does an author highly popular with his contemporaries fade away and become an unknown two or three generations later? Professor Sackett is a Californian by birth and up-bringing and a Kansan by adoption. He holds the bachelor and master of arts degrees from the University of Redlands and the doctor of philosophy from the University of California at Los Angeles. A member of the English department at Fort Hays Kansas State College since 1954, he is associate professor there and active in the American Folklore Association. His primary interest is Kansas literature and folklore, and with Professor William Koch of Kansas State University at Manhattan he is co-editor of *Kansas Folklore*, a volume scheduled for November publication by the University of Nebraska Press.

THE LAST ARTICLE in this issue—and our fourth contribution to the observation of the centennial of Kansas Statehood—is a product of that friendly co-operation which frequently makes the historian's lot a happy one. Several years ago while working on his doctoral

dissertation, a study of the career of Samuel J. Crawford who was elected governor of Kansas in 1864, Mark A. Plummer, then a graduate student at the University of Kansas, discovered two journals kept by a pair of Kansas lovers in the early 1890's. Knowing that HOMER E. SOCOLOFSKY, associate professor of history at Kansas State University, was deep in research on the life of Arthur Capper, journalist and long-time U. S. Senator, Mr. Plummer told Professor Socolofsky of their existence. These journals had been written by Florence Crawford, the governor's daughter, and young Capper during a period of enforced separation. After having been lost to the world for more than half a century, the journals finally turned up in the Capper library after it had been purchased by the Capper Foundation for Crippled Children. They are now in the possession of Professor Socolofsky who plans to place them with other Capper materials in the library of the Kansas State Historical Society of whose board of directors the professor is a member. The article here published was prepared originally to be read at the annual meeting of the Kansas Association of Teachers of History and Social Science at the University of Kansas last May.

Professor Socolofsky's major interests are western agricultural and land history. His doctoral dissertation at the University of Missouri dealt with "The Capper Farm Press"; that led him into further work which will be crowned later this year by the publication of a biography, *Arthur Capper of Kansas*. Its author is active in a variety of professional organizations including the Agricultural History Society, the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, and Phi Alpha Theta, the national honor society in history. He is a member of the Kansas Centennial Commission and vice-president of the Riley County Historical Society. Last summer the Nebraska Historical Society granted him one of its Woods Fellowships to enable him to pursue his research in western land disposal and use.

THE THREE POEMS in this issue have little in common with one another: they treat widely unrelated matters, and they are the products of poets as widely separated geographically. "Skyed Always" is by EMILIE GLEN of New York whose short stories and poems have appeared in several anthologies including *New Directions—14*, *Best American Short Stories—1952*, *New Voices*, and *Anthology of American Poets*. Her work has been published rather extensively, in *Best Article & Stories*, the *Kansas Magazine*, *The New Mexico Quarterly Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Western Humanities Review*, and other journals. She served on the staff of

*The New Yorker* for several years and has edited a Congregational Church magazine. Married and the mother of a little girl, she is a member of the Poetry Society of America and the American Creative Theater in which she performs minor roles in off-Broadway productions. L. W. MICHAELSON, who teaches English at Colorado State University, Fort Collins, was born and raised in the Centennial State but managed to tear himself away from the mountains long enough to study writing with Paul Engle and Robert Bowen at the State University of Iowa at Iowa City and with Vincent McHugh at the University of Denver. Some of his light verse has appeared in *Phoenix Nest* and *The Saturday Review*, and he has also been published in *The Christian Century*, *Esquire*, and *The Saturday Evening Post* as well as "most all the college quarterlies." His short story, "The Ferrari," which first appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, was reprinted in *Best Articles & Stories* and will soon be produced as a play. This past summer he was poetry lecturer at the University of Santa Clara's first creative writing conference. His contribution to this journal is a verse criticism of the celebrated Alexandria quartet of novels by Lawrence Durrell. "New Generation" is another poem by MARION SCHOEERLEIN of Illinois whose first MIDWEST QUARTERLY appearance was in our July issue.

*staff notes . . .*

FOR THE PAST two years, the editorial board of this journal has enjoyed the services of JOHN E. SUSKY, associate professor of philosophy. He has been conscientious and co-operative in his attention to the steadily increasing responsibilities of his assignment; his perceptive and pertinent criticism of manuscripts has been extremely valuable, and his participation in board meetings has always been constructive and helpful. It is with considerable regret that we must announce his departure from this campus and the editorial board of this publication. Professor Susky joined the Department of Philosophy at Oklahoma State University, Stillwater, last month. He carries with him the best wishes of us all.

Replacing him on the board is HELEN KING SCHUYLER, professor of education and psychology, who joined this faculty in 1947. Her degrees include: A. B., foreign languages, University of Washington; A. M., guidance and industrial personnel, Northwestern University, and Ph. D., guidance and counseling, Northwestern. She is a member of Delta Kappa Gamma, Pi Lambda Theta, Psi Chi, the National Vocational Guidance Association, American Personnel and Guidance Association, Student Personnel Association for Teacher Education, National Education Association, and American Association of University Professors. She is currently president of the Kansas State College chapter of the Kansas State Teachers Association. Before entering educational personnel work, Professor Schuyler spent several years in business and industrial personnel work. In her early educational personnel work, she served for ten years as a college dean of women. Professor Schuyler's professional interests include adolescent personal and social development.

For the past year our regular literature and poetry editor, REBECCA PATTERSON, has been enjoying a sabbatical leave in England and on the Continent. In her absence, JOHN Q. REED, professor of literature, has been her able and conscientious replacement. It would be less than candid to refer to him as a routine sabbatical replacement: he has at all times set a high standard of active participation in the fortunes and misfortunes of THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY. Last month Professor Patterson returned to the campus, well rested and refreshed by her leave and inspired to resume her professional responsibilities here. With regret and sincere thanks we note the departure from our board of Professor Reed, and we welcome back Professor Patterson with genuine enthusiasm.



# A General Proposal: Alternative to Futility

LLOYD P. WILLIAMS

How bounded is our gaze—how much it resembles a pale  
torch lit up for a moment in the midst of a vast night!

—Irving Babbitt.

AS A CIVILIZED GROUP we have two choices with reference to the future: we plan for it, or we may drift into it. Dangers accompany both alternatives. To plan is to run the risk of foolishly bringing into being institutions that may ultimately work to the detriment of our state and our society. Not to plan is to run the risk of ossifying, drifting further into chaos, or simply mushing unproductively from one decade into the next. Surely reason and experience suggest that the former choice with all its risks is more prudent than the latter.

Yet if we accept the postulate that planning—serious planning for the future of American education—is the prudent course to follow, then there is the further question of whether we know enough to plan with vision, whether we know enough to ask the right questions. There is also the question of whether we have the maturity and the courage to plan and *to follow through* on our plans. And finally, there is the distressing question frequently overlooked—overlooked because we are so immersed in the quest for material goods, for status, and for security—as to whether or not we in America have suffered enough, whether or not we have been subjected sufficiently to the anguish, frustration, and deprivations of human history,

to plan with depth and with compassion. Bringing his reflective speculations on the future of our civilization to a conclusion, Max Lerner provocatively explores this question and laments our lack of insight as well as our insensitivity to the tragic dimension of human existence. Observes Lerner, "Because America has this sense of tragedy only in partial degree, its capacity to face national failure and disaster may well be questioned. It is limited by the unwillingness of the American as an individual to confront the Medusa head of a life experience which includes penalties as well as gains, failures as well as success, tragedy as well as happiness." (*America as a Civilization*, 949-950.)

If we logically relate the essence of Lerner's point to our present condition, then we have a key to the possible future of our education, and in particular the condition of our education in the twenty-first century. Should the distance from now till then seem enormous, and hence the problems seem irrelevant in proportion to the distance, the answer is that the future is surely coming, that our problems will be more complex, that our obligations will surely be more pressing, and finally, that the philosophic mind must always take the long view in so far as it is able. Lerner is telling us that we must face the human adventure with the recognition that a better future will entail a price—not just a financial price, although that is serious, but a price in sacrifice, in willingness to forego our immediate pleasures for more mature pleasures later, and that we must be willing in significant degree to give up both privilege and profit if we wish to have the greater good of a system of education justifiably bearing the label of *excellent*.

In the absence of profound suffering induced by war and other catastrophes (and it is only the Civil War that has sorely rent the souls of our people), we must call upon history, literature, and philosophy to help us interpret the future. Drawing upon these sources as well as our cumu-



lative experience, we may appropriately ask ourselves: what are the real questions with which we should be most deeply concerned and about which we should be most seriously planning as the twentieth century passes rapidly through its mature decades? Most of these questions are not new, as they are perennial; they merely change their labels. We should be asking ourselves: what are really good teachers, and how shall we get them into the profession and, achieving this, how shall we keep them there? We should be asking ourselves: what are really good leaders, and how shall we get them into the profession and, achieving this, how shall we keep them there? We should be asking ourselves: what are adequate facilities, what are adequate conditions of school finance, and what is a sound pattern for the organization of higher education? We should be asking ourselves: what are the *real* goals of education as distinct from the trivial, transitory involvements through which we serially seem to pass? And in sum, we should be asking ourselves: what kind of culture do we want in America four or five decades from now, and what kind of character do we want for our children and our grand-children—children who may yet inherit the promised land—when the twentieth century fades to become one more historical era?

What kind of teacher do we want in the future? The characteristics of the ideal teacher we wish to train are manifold, but his primary attributes are these: intellectual competence, emotional maturity, and moral responsibility. Such a teacher will know his subject, steadily broaden his interests, and constantly undergo the anguish of compulsion to communicate to his students what it is that he understands. He cannot be easily got because he must be laboriously trained. To master any worthwhile field of knowledge involves years of diligent application; to achieve emotional maturity involves a fortunate background and profound insight into human motivation, including one's

own; moral responsibility involves growth far beyond the usual habituation in platitudes, and the usual divorce between religion and life, ethics and man's obligations to himself and to his society.

Loyalty to truth will infuse the life of the ideal teacher, professionally and generally. He will be intransigent in the face of injustice, relentless in the pursuit of understanding, and foremost in the struggle for freedom. Being properly educated he will know that good citizenship—devotion to the common good—is a pre-condition to effective teaching. This is so for the simple reason that teaching, although directed in the first instance to the individual, is also necessarily directed to society.

R. W. Emerson long ago pointed out to us that heroism is possible anywhere; its characteristic is persistence in the face of resistance, and it may manifest itself in high or low places. The teacher we want is so characterized. When the teacher persists without the need of social plaudits, is diligent however discouraging the task, and faithful to the ideal of the rational man in a rational society, he is indeed heroic. Therefore, he will necessarily subject his mind and talents to the discipline of humility, reluctantly to the discipline of the organization, and never to the discipline of the autocrats. It is such teachers we need to carry us into the twenty-first century.

What kind of leader do we want in the future? The characteristics of the ideal leader are manifold, but his primary attributes are these: Affection for the intellectual life, capacity to inspire his subordinates, and emotional maturity.

The term *leader* is used deliberately in place of the term *administrator*. The latter term has come to connote manipulation of both things and people, as well as to suggest that the ideal of efficiency must supersede all other ideals. The administrator is a technician; the leader is a statesman. The former is distinguished by his capacity neatly to amass

large stocks of supplies and elaborately to entwine his organization with electronic gadgets; the latter is distinguished by his capacity to lead his associates to higher and higher levels of understanding and performance. Suffering from cultural contradictions, a passionate quest for the material, and pathological fear of communism, modern American society and education desperately need the true leader, for he can by personality and example extract the maximum productivity from his staff, by faithful allegiance to the mission of education minimize the debilitating influence of trivia, and by vision infuse his associates with the long-term perspective of history.

High on the list of his characteristics will be emotional maturity. Ours is a sick society, and it all too often propels sick people into positions of influence and status. The future of our society is not a hopeful one unless both understanding and action modify this pattern. If we can secure the mature leader, he will not need the organization nor its members to help him sustain a flagging ego; hence, he will not pervert their functions to his emotional needs. The mature executive knows that he exists *for* the organization and *for* the implementation of its purposes, not *vice versa*; he knows that self-fulfillment comes with the enhancement of cultural, educational, aesthetic, and moral growth. When the executive can subordinate public relations to learning, supplant appearance with reality, and foster productivity rather than ceremony, then he is truly a leader—the kind we need to carry us into the twenty-first century.

If we make this transition rationally, then we shall also have a system of education that is adequately financed, adequately equipped with facilities, and organized in accord with the objective needs and realities of the times. Specialized monographs can more appropriately depict detailed possibilities in these areas, although some theoretical generalizations might be helpful.

With reference to finance, long-term plans alone will

permit the design and execution of a first-rate system of education. The present system of hit and miss, pass the buck, avoid the issue, and "let's form a committee"—all intended to permit the escape from responsibility—can lead nowhere but to decreased efficiency and diminished quality in education. Lack of long-term financial assurance does not permit adequate planning, ordered development, or the sustenance of morale.

With reference to facilities, maximum utilization of those which exist should be achieved before funds are invested in others. The degree to which efficient utilization is made of present buildings could be assessed easily and quickly by impartial efficiency engineers. This is particularly true of our colleges and universities. Any on-the-spot observer knows that rating must necessarily be low. Most classroom buildings are not used at night; few are used on Saturday; almost none on Sunday; large numbers are empty each afternoon; and class scheduling frequently minimizes their utilization to "accommodate" the student's immature preferences. Scheduling classes for the presumed convenience of students necessarily destroys enlightened standards; order, efficiency, and learning are the key ideas—not pleasing students.

One further heretical note on facilities. Much building is constructed on that principle running so deeply through Western industrial effort—the principle of planned obsolescence. This principle is corrupt in theory and wasteful in fact. Although many critics will recoil in horror (particularly those who hope to profit financially or rise in status as the educational scene stays in a state of confused ferment), we should construct classroom buildings with the intention of using them for a thousand years. To the skeptic, the answer is that Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and numerous other European establishments have done so—and who among us shall be so presumptive as to say they cannot educate. Actually the only change that

has been made in education in the last two thousand years that necessitates a *drastic* change in *educational* facilities is the introduction of the scientific laboratory. Here more flexibility is desirable, but even here more permanence is possible. The mania for new facilities is not unrelated to the mania for technique—each justifies an avoidance of the fundamental questions of our civilization.

The confused heritage of Western man leaves us no peace. Struggling with that heritage, we can find no educational goals toward which to move with certainty. But if we cut our way through the maze of inherited foolishness, contemporary trivia, and compulsive exhibitionism so evident in educational practice today, three goals stand out as primary and permanent: intellectual liberalism, moral responsibility, and physical adequacy. Changes in machines and the continuing accumulation of knowledge will, from time to time, modify our secondary purposes in formal education, but viewed in perspective, they should never modify our primary one: *achieving our full human stature*.

That which distinguished man from the animals is, as Aristotle rightly noted, the rational faculty. And the only way man can differentiate himself from the lower animals is consistently to cultivate that faculty. So to educate himself brings the human career into perspective, enhances man's capacity for forbearance, and enables him to find the intrinsic good that inheres in what is true and beautiful.

Nothing in such a thesis disparages directly or by implication the desirability or the necessity of vocational education. The point is that careful distinctions need to be kept in mind, or confusion as to our proper path ensues. The cultivation of the liberal intellect is an end in itself; we do it because it is that activity most worthy of man. The cultivation of vocational skills is a means to an end; we do this because it is an activity necessary to the preservation of our biological selves.

By the same logic, physical education is a means, not an end. It is a means to fulfillment of the person and to the preservation of health. As such it deserves our honor and our support. The lucrative possibilities inhering in the commercial exploitation of our youth can never be a permanent aspect of a mature system of education; this can only be a transitory phase. Commercial exploitation is destined for oblivion if we hope to transcend the sheer animalism of an all-too-Philistine culture.

The mission of the philosopher is ever and again to provoke his fellows into a critical reflection as to where they are going and whether the journey is worth the effort. Now that technology, communism, declining capitalism, and a virulent materialism are carrying us with accelerating momentum into an uncertain future, the obligation to think is more fraught with anguish than ever. Effectively to cope with the increasingly complex future, to achieve our maximum humanness, to fulfill our civilization, and to keep faith with our children and with our students, we need to probe our deepest convictions periodically. Salient among our inquiries should be these questions: Is our busyness really productive, or is it not a sedative for our anxieties? Is managerial efficiency the test of a good school system, or is it not the myth hollow men use to feel important as they struggle to fill a psychic void? Is the machine—the television, the “teaching machine,” the gadget—going to supplant the sensitive teacher, or is this mania just the wishful substitute for intense effort and more taxation? Are human beings objects to be manipulated, or is not the tendency to condition and depersonalize others a function of our ethical, spiritual, and aesthetic bankruptcy?

Seeing that our lives are restricted in time and bounded by eternity, our vision should be enlarged and our tastes matured. One approach is to improve our tastes. Writing on “The Ideal Critic,” Irving Babbitt quoted an old Spanish proverb—“hay gustos que mercem palos”—“there are tastes



that deserve the cudgel." He is right; so some do, and the teacher should use the cudgel when appropriate as he seeks to civilize his charges. Similarly the philosopher. For good taste is one of the essences of civilization, and *more* civilization, not less, is necessary if life is to be meaningful, if we are to produce a culture for the future that transcends the shameful limitations of the present. We shall be most likely to achieve this end if we produce a personality type that is essentially democratic in spirit, flexible, humane, reflective, liberal, and truly creative.

Whether our tour of duty in the twentieth century is worth the effort will be measured by whether or not our successors, largely shaped by our influence, manifest an enlightened, courageous system of values, rich personalities, and a vision steadily focused on their contribution to yet another ensuing century. The verdict on each generation is a delayed one. The rush of our times carries us rapidly into a future, where, however much we may regret it,

We cannot restore old policies  
Or follow an antique drum.

## Marion Schoeberlein

*New Generation*

The children whose beds  
Are unmade, I envy them—  
I hate them with thirty-five  
Years of anger and waste—  
Soon they will shoot their  
Arrows out, soon they will  
Ring out their rhymes and live  
Beyond a snowball world—  
The children, oh the children—  
They will be such violins  
When my song is lost in  
The wind, so dry, so dead.



# The Case of Harold Rugg

FRANKLIN PARKER

IT WAS 1940. Hitler had signed a non-aggression pact with Stalin on August 25, 1939; Germany had then invaded Poland. Belgium and the Low Countries had surrendered; Vichy France had capitulated. Finland was resisting Russian invasion. The world was at war. America was on the brink of war.

Afraid to face really basic issues, conservatives found it convenient to attack "subversive" school books. The primary target was a mild-mannered fifty-four year old professor of education at Columbia University's Teachers College. His name? Harold Ordway Rugg.

Communities were warned to remove Rugg's books from local schools. The reason: Rugg's books dealt with controversial topics. They caused doubt about America's greatness. They struck a blow at private enterprise. At one meeting an angry ex-Army officer pointed at Rugg and shouted, "There sits the ringmaster of the fifth columnists in America, financed by the Russian government. I want you people to look at him."

Rugg's reply: I am not a communist and have never been a communist. I am not a socialist and have never been a socialist. I have never said that the American way is wrong. I have never subscribed to Marxian ideas. The attackers would teach youth in school that the American way is the way of unrestricted competition. I would teach youth in school to take thought before they take sides, to check alternatives before giving consent. To keep issues out of the school is to keep thought out and intellectual life out. Wise decisions are made when people know the

facts. Democratic consent is reached when controversial issues are studied and understood.

Eight years before, in 1932, George S. Counts had asked in a pamphlet, *Dare the School Build a New Social Order?* His answer was a resounding, "No," buttressed by studies showing marked conservatism among educators and little understanding of social issues among school children.

While George Counts lamented education's subservience to political and economic forces, Harold Rugg pursued the daring theme of using education to improve political and social influences. With John Dewey, Rugg believed that the school should be a practicing democracy. To further this end he wrote elementary and secondary school textbooks, books for the professional preparation of teachers, yearbooks for educational associations, books for adult learning, and books for the general reader.

His writings had two innovations: first, they cut across history, civics, government, economics, geography, and other subjects dealing with man and society. Rugg pioneered in teaching the social studies. Second, they discussed controversial issues, showing the good and the bad, the strength and the weaknesses of a changing America. Rugg pioneered in urging the discussion of controversial issues.

What led Rugg on this path? His forebears for nine generations had made a hard living on thin New England soil. Fitchburg, Massachusetts, where he was born on January 17, 1886, was a conservative mill town. Of the books being written at the turn of the century describing industrial growth and immigrant labor he knew nothing, for his schools did not teach these things. In that New England town, class and income walls kept out neighborly understanding and hemmed in narrow prejudice.

At sixteen he worked in a cotton mill with new immigrants but knew little of the laboring man's problems.

Nor did office work arouse in him special interest, though the accounts he handled showed large profits and low labor costs. Young Rugg accepted the middle class outlook of his time.

His four years at Dartmouth gave him a smattering of academic thinking but no sure sense of personal values. He lurched from one political-economic faith to another. A fifth year of graduate civil engineering at Dartmouth followed. "For you as an engineer," he was told, "there will be no such thing as 'truth'—only the reduction of error by precise measurement." He worked for five years as a railroad surveyor, using transit and rule to spike rails and tamp ties.

An interesting turn toward engineering education followed; he taught civil engineering at James Milliken University in Decatur, Illinois. At the University of Illinois he taught engineering and took graduate work in education, psychology, and sociology, earning a Ph. D. degree in 1915. For the next three years he worked in educational measurements with Professor Charles H. Judd at the University of Chicago.

Educational surveys, statistical analysis, child accounting, and tests and measurements were popular. In moving from engineering to education, Rugg remained oriented to measurement and error reduction but now in *human* rather than physical terms.

When the nation tooled for war in 1917, Rugg joined Edward L. Thorndike and others in the Army's Committee on Classification of Personnel. After the war he became school psychologist at the Lincoln School and professor of education at Columbia University's Teachers College. Through the influence of experimental Lincoln School, the stimulation of Teachers College, and New York's cultural milieu, Rugg the curriculum-maker emerged.

Freedom, imagination, and willingness to experiment pervaded the Lincoln School. Rugg measured and charted

the abilities of every child in the school. From this child-centered approach (a phrase he coined), Rugg turned toward a society-centered outlook.

Rugg explained his plans to Abraham Flexner, founder, and Otis W. Caldwell, director of the Lincoln School. Rugg wanted to combine with a new emphasis the subjects of history, geography, and civics materials.

"What change would you make?" he was asked.

"I don't know yet. But I will try to find out in the half year of leisure you are going to give me. I want to cut across subject boundaries. I want to honestly present to young people the problems of modern life."

Rugg rediscovered a body of literature which was to form the matrix of his new approach. With a fresh eye and a new mind he reread Frederick Jackson Turner's *Significance of the Frontier in American History* (1893), Charles A. Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States* (1913), Thorstein Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* (1899) and many more. He read the works of John Maynard Keynes, Norman Angell, H. N. Brailsford, Bertrand Russell, George Bernard Shaw, Beatrice and Sidney Webb, Graham Wallis, Harold Laski, R. H. Tawney, Charles E. Merriam, James Harvey Robinson, and others. He steeped himself in the writings of critical interpreters of the industrial age. He dug into the works of the new historians, the new economists, the new political scientists, and the new social and literary critics of America and Europe.

The surge of new ideas unfolded for him a mosaic of increasing industrialization around the world, the herding together of people in cities, the disappearance of handicrafts, the terrifying search for food, the seizure of large territories, and the subjugation of backward people.

He was made uneasy by what he read. His transformation was painful. His background cried out in defense of unfettered competition. His reading about poverty and

ignorance moved him. The shifts of outlook grew fewer, and the pendulum came to rest. This was his road to Damascus.

To be stirred at the Lincoln School meant to try something new. Rugg persuaded a few teachers to combine history and geography from the point of view of contemporary problems. This was taught in the fifth and sixth grades during an extended class period. Duplicated material was prepared; special bibliographies were compiled; field trips were planned. Science was keyed in; the arts were introduced. Rugg's small group of teachers pulled and hauled each other through a year of trial and error. Some gave up and went their former way, but a few remained.

Rugg assembled new material, copied excerpts from important writings, wrote original material himself, duplicated thousands of pages, and started again in experimental classes. In a new historical setting he presented contemporary problems of immigration and population, industry and business, local and national government.

To overcome duplication limitations Rugg planned to publish an illustrated pamphlet series. A budget was prepared; foundation funds were sought, but no funds were found. Rugg proposed another way of financing.

"How will you do it?" asked Caldwell, the director.

"I think I can get school men whom I know to underwrite small editions of these pamphlets," replied Rugg.

Rugg sent to three hundred superintendents, principals, and teachers in public and private schools a prospectus of a social study pamphlet series for grades seven, eight, and nine. There was no sample, just the announcement. Would school men buy, sight unseen, pamphlets for experimental classes in their schools?

The response was astonishing. Advance orders kept coming in for thousands of copies. School people *did* want new teaching material.

The process of creating the social study pamphlets began. The schedule was tight: Rugg's brother, Earl, did research; Rugg wrote, and an assistant revised and read proof. By the end of August, 1922, they had sent out the first of the pamphlets, *America and Her Immigrants* for the seventh grade, *The Westward Movement and the Growth of Transportation* for the eighth grade, *The Americanization of Our Foreign-Born* for the ninth grade. By April, 1923, they had shipped out all the pamphlets contracted for.

Later editions took three more years, eighteen assistants, more borrowed money, and more writing. The seventh grade pamphlets were finished in 1923-1924. The eighth and ninth grade pamphlets were ready in 1925-1926. In all, about three thousand copies of the final edition were used experimentally in 375 school systems of thirty-eight states. Rugg had achieved a large following.

He also had a financial deficit. Commercial publication became necessary. Ginn and Company published the social study pamphlets in a six-volume series entitled *Man and His Changing Society*, complete with workbooks and teachers' guides (1927-1932). To these were added eight volumes for elementary grades three to six (1932-1936), making a fourteen-volume series.

Rugg could have rested honorably on this achievement. But the curriculum-maker was one facet of Rugg the man. Another facet was that of artist-teacher.

While the lost generation of Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald fled to the left bank of Paris, Rugg found other creative artists exploring the American character. In the experimental magazine, *The Seven Arts* (1916-1917), he found the writings of Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Eugene O'Neill, John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Van Wyck Brooks, Randolph Bourne, Waldo Frank, and others. Rugg looked through the eyes of the artist for a creative design of man and society.



Isadora Duncan, dancing her original dances across America, searching all her life for one authentic gesture, enthralled Rugg. Alfred Stieglitz, raising photography in America to a new art form, held Rugg spellbound. Louis Henry Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, using new materials to design function-formed buildings, captured Rugg's attention. Might not the same creativity that fashioned a more perfect building, poem, or painting, also uniquely combine youth and knowledge, student and teacher, school and community, individual desire and the common good?

It was Louis Sullivan's *Autobiography of An Idea* (1922) that set Harold Rugg afire for the secret of the creative act. He moved to Woodstock, New York, in 1930, and thereafter made his home in that famous artist colony. Rugg the curriculum-maker put on the cloak of artist-teacher.

The 1929 depression gripped America and the world. National concern was reflected in the government reports, *Recent Economic Changes* (1929) and *Recent Social Trends* (1933). With Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, the social engineers, the technocracy advocates, and the academic brain-trusters came to the front. Rugg, as one of these, sought a creative design for social rehabilitation.

Rugg plunged into adult education. He proposed that a central planning agency explore social and economic problems and train teachers to lead adult discussion groups across the country. This ambitious plan created a sensation in the press but did not receive financial support. Rugg had meanwhile written two study guides for adult groups and had expanded these into his controversial book, *The Great Technology* (1933).

In *The Great Technology* Rugg analysed the reasons for hard times. He took his cue from French philosopher Auguste Comte's dictum, "Ideas rule the world or throw it into chaos." Rugg plotted three curves of social trend

which caused depression when out of phase: economic productivity, social invention, and popular consent.

Of economic productivity he wrote: American industrial society has built a powerful system of mass produced goods, but so hurriedly and unplanned that purchasing power is inevitably maldistributed. Amid plenty, the mass of people live on a small income.

Of social invention he wrote: in a complex and interdependent society, the people as a whole decide what each can do for himself and what government must do for the common good. Social invention has lagged behind booming economic productivity. Economic productivity has outdistanced purchasing power.

Of popular consent he wrote: the people freely give wisest consent when they understand problems and issues. Understanding is then the basis of consent. But economic productivity shapes mass media information to its own advantage. The people's understanding is not adequate to deal with multiple problems and issues created by booming economic productivity.

*The Great Technology* contained Rugg's master plan for social reconstruction. Having studied the American scene for a long time, Rugg saw evidence of a great emerging culture. The raw material for this leap forward already existed in vast data accumulated by advanced thinkers of every discipline. This storehouse of ideas needed creative synthesis into a new curriculum-design. The core of such a synthesis was suggested in Rugg's own social science textbooks.

*The Great Technology* called for quadrupling the national educational budget, financed through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Rugg suggested a National Council of Cultural Reconstruction to organize and disseminate the vast curriculum synthesis. He proposed a national network of adult study groups. He would have elementary schools introduce children to community life



and high schools help youth understand social, economic, and political problems.

Rugg went beyond a child-centered and a society-centered school. He envisioned nothing less than a school-centered-community where school and society continually improved each other. He envisioned an America in which all institutions consciously contributed to the cultural and creative growth of each citizen. The theme of *The Great Technology* was a bold redesign of curriculum, school, and society by creative artist-teachers.

Few men save John Dewey have ever proposed so comprehensive an educational reconstruction of American society. Few men including John Dewey have ever presented a more concrete program and curriculum basis for such a reconstruction.

Dewey, philosopher of school and society, provided the frame of reference for Harold Rugg. Rugg's social study textbooks put into practice many of Dewey's curriculum-theories. But Rugg differed with Dewey on the instrumental character of mind and the concept of the artist as teacher. Where Dewey saw mind as an instrument continually adjusting to environment, Rugg saw mind as the search for the significant relationship. Where Dewey saw art as experience, Rugg saw art as the creative act. Where Dewey saw the artist in every man's experiencing, Rugg saw the artist as a creative teacher making human beings more nearly perfect.

Harold Rugg's approach to school and society also differed from that of William Heard Kilpatrick. Both admired John Dewey and each other, all three having long been associates at Columbia University. Through his desired democratic classroom, child-centered school, and project method of individual learning, Kilpatrick aimed at a society continually searching to reconstruct itself. Kilpatrick opposed a society already planned whose ends were fixed. For him the search for a perfect society was end-

less. Rugg differed in his vision of a better social order to be achieved through artist-teachers helping man become socially sensitive and responsible. Kilpatrick, like Dewey, looked to man to correct error in an evolving democracy. Rugg, like Plato, looked to man to find a golden mean to usher in a new Republic.

Harold Rugg shared with George S. Counts a criticism of industrial America. Both wanted to purify democracy and to expand its benefits. An early admirer of Russian collectivism, Counts pointed to some aspects of it as a suitable model for America. Rugg believed that Marxian ideals of mid-nineteenth century Europe did not fit twentieth century American conditions. Where Counts called for teachers deliberately to reach for power and then to use it forcefully, Rugg called for artist-teachers to explore with youth issues and problems in order to arrive at change through consensus. Where Counts would have teachers formulate a frame of reference, impose a point of view, and educate by indoctrination, Rugg would fashion an improved social order through the insights of American geniuses as expressed in their wisest writings and most artistic creations.

Yet it was Rugg who drew the fire of attack. He became the focus and the target, more so than Dewey or Kilpatrick or Counts. Rugg had written the books that men might understand. These same books men banned and burned.

In April, 1927, an official of a large corporation criticized Rugg's social study pamphlets as subversive. This began the long ordeal.

In 1931 Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, a concert harpist and housewife, visited Russia. She was told that the communist world revolution would start in China and would end with the conquest of the United States. She returned home, gave lectures on communism before patriotic groups, and in 1934 wrote a book called *The Red Network*.

It listed four hundred and sixty organizations and thirteen hundred persons suspected of being in sympathy with communism. Rugg was listed because his description of the Russian youth movement had been quoted in *The Daily Worker*.

In 1935 the District of Columbia board of education was asked to eliminate from its schools three allegedly subversive textbooks. Two of the books were Harold Rugg's and the third Cornell historian Carl L. Becker's. These mild forays preceded concerted attack in 1940.

"Rugg, I am going to put you out of the Englewood schools. When I have done that I am going to put you out of the schools of America. I am making that the task of my declining years." This was said to Rugg in March, 1940. A *blitzkrieg* was mounted to oust his books. Pressure-groups with money, power, and mass-media control swung into action. George E. Sokolsky, publicist for the National Association of Manufacturers, wrote three *Liberty* magazine articles attacking Rugg (March, April, and May, 1940). Your children, he wrote, are being exposed to a secret poison gas known as "social studies" and Rugg is the chief culprit.

Orland K. Armstrong, associated with Verne Marshall's No Foreign War Committee, wrote "Treason in the Textbooks," for the *American Legion* magazine (September, 1940). The article blacklisted Rugg's books and *Scholastic* magazine, to which Rugg contributed. Retired Army Major Augustus G. Rudd's article, "Our 'Reconstructed' Educational System," in the *Nation's Business* (April, 1940), also attacked Rugg's books. Merwin K. Hart, long an advocate of slashing school budgets, pressed the attack through the biweekly letters of his New York State Economic Council. Hart's office became headquarters for distributing attacking literature. In Englewood, New Jersey, school board member Bertie C. Forbes of *Forbes* business magazine spearheaded the drive to remove Rugg's

books. Pressure was exerted on teachers, principals, superintendents, and school boards.

School officials in suburban towns became frightened. The books were banned in two New Jersey communities, a half dozen up-state New York communities, and in communities of California, Ohio and Pennsylvania. A proposal was made in the Virginia legislature to burn the books. Rugg's books were actually burned in Bradner, Ohio. In the Georgia state school board meeting, Rugg defended himself in a four-hour-long talk.

Rugg faced his accusers in open forum. Everywhere he asked, "Have you read the books in question?" The answer was invariably, "I haven't read the books but I have heard that they are bad." In Manhasset, New York, he asked:

"How long have the books been used here?"

"Ten years," was the reply.

"No objection from parents, teachers, or citizens?"

"Not one."

"No objection from students?"

"Not one."

Rugg publicly pressed unfair attackers to explain their objections. Sometimes it was expressed as disagreement over the philosophy of the Progressive Education Association, sometimes as a concern over "Godlessness" in the schools. Rugg pointed out that during normal times educators had never been able to arouse public interest in school problems. The real cause of tension, he said, lay in the fear of fascism and communism abroad and at home. National hysteria, he pointed out, had resulted from the fall of France (June 18, 1940), British evacuation of Dunkirk, and reports of foreign agents in the United States. Under this smokescreen of fear, he charged, special interest groups were smearing liberal thought.

The analysis was right. Pearl Harbor swept away the paralysis of indecision. America mobilized for war, and

Rugg was forgotten. At home in Woodstock he wrote books mainly for the professional preparation of teachers. At Columbia University's Teachers College he continued his lectures and seminars. At national meetings he spoke with his old vigor, but few listened.

The American mood shifted to post-war problems and cold war concerns. Unable to regain its original momentum, the Progressive Education Association and its allied publications declined. The Essentialist movement and the Basic Education advocates gained strength. Against this tide, progressive educators of the social reconstruction persuasion clung to their shrunken organizations or, like Rugg, broadened their base by aligning themselves with such international progressive movements as the New Education Fellowship.

The pendulum-swing toward a traditional point of view was in part America's answer to the issues Rugg had raised in his life's work. The way to preserve democracy, Rugg had said, was by education and discussion. What kind of education? What sort of discussion? On these things Americans could not agree.

"My thesis," Rugg wrote, "is that all of American life must be brought into the school, the magnificent achievements as well as the deficiencies." On this thesis, too, Americans disagreed. Too many believed that children do not respond to realities as adults respond, that the values of youth are not the values of adults, that such evils as poverty, crime, disease, cruelty, and injustice do not have for youth the significance they have for the adult.

Americans responded least of all to Rugg's brave new world. Their present wants saw no relevance to his vision of a future good. Nor did they understand how his new Republic was to be achieved. A master planner smacked too much of Caesar and a master plan too much of totalitarianism. An evolving democracy which shifted and bent,

rose and fell, and responded to the people's wisdom and to the people's foolishness, they understood and preferred.

Rugg was to the last a vigorous man and a prodigious worker. His retirement in 1951, little noticed except by a few lines in *School and Society*, freed him for the "Big Book" he had been wanting to write for thirty years. Each of his many books for adults had explored the nature of the creative act. For the last seven years of his life Rugg labored on the big manuscript he called "Creative Imagination." At Bearsville, New York, he suffered a heart attack. On Tuesday night, May 17, 1960, he died in his home at Woodstock. He was seventy-four.

Harold Rugg had been an engineer and an educator, a curriculum-builder and a social reconstructionist. He himself would have wanted to be called an American artist-teacher. To a chauvinistic civics he gave social depth and international awareness. To the new social studies, he gave a rich body of textbook material. To make teaching an adventure, he urged a creative approach. To make learning honest discovery, he asked youth to seek truth. He accepted the challenge of his time and wore with courage the mantle of reformer. Who remains of his stamp? Who has his boldness? Who will tilt against the windmills of our day?



# Warsaw in the Sixties

WILLIAM M. PANTER

TEN MILES outside of Warsaw I rolled the compartment window down and leaned out to catch the skyline of the city. The East German train had begun to click slowly through occasional small rail yards where short, spoke-wheeled freight cars were lined. Pairs of grey-brown uniformed Polish soldiers looked expressionlessly up into the windows of the car as it rolled by. The loading docks and brick switch houses still bore the chipped and pitted evidence of the war which fifteen years ago had raged back and forth across this area.

The skyline was there all right, but not the kind one would expect to find in one of Europe's major cities which, only a few years before the war, had had more than a million and a quarter inhabitants. There was no smoke on the skyline, no airplanes taking off or circling in for landing, no other evidences of a large metropolitan area. There was only one break in the horizon: the *Palac Kultury i Nauki* (Palace of Culture and Science), as high as a forty-story building, sticking defiantly up out of the level Polish plain.

The train had left East Berlin around nine o'clock that morning. I knew if I was to eat anything between breakfast and dinner I would have to eat on the train, and I had no Polish currency, the only legal tender in Poland. Polish money for meals and lodging—at least enough to last one week—must be purchased before a visa to that country can be granted. This I had acquired at the Polish Embassy in The Hague two months earlier, but I had been given only a voucher for which my Warsaw hotel would

exchange the amount of cash shown thereon. Unlike most Communist bloc peoples, East Germans will eagerly take any Western money, probably because the Berlin money market is the biggest and freest in Europe. So, for a Dutch two and one-half guilder note I had my liter of Pilsner and a cheese plate. The dining car was immaculate. The tables were covered with white cloths and a neat array of service. The white-jacketed German waiter and I had the whole car to ourselves.

The dozen cars were filled but not crowded. The night train to Warsaw, a Polish one which runs from the Hook of Holland boat station via Berlin, usually had quite a different appearance. Poles, returning from visits to relatives in England who had emigrated to England early in the war, fill every compartment to capacity, wedging themselves between baby baskets and sacks of fruit, bread, and sausages. Luggage, bags, and cardboard boxes are stacked in the passageway; it is easier to climb over the car than through it.

I shared my compartment on the day train with two young Russian men, a Polish girl, and her Danish fiancé. The Russians must have had some inside word on why the dining car was empty because, when they opened their sack lunches, they objected to my leaving and insisted that I break hard-tack with them. I declined the offer, not because of their politics but because their ration was not the size to be shared around the compartment. I did attempt a three-handed variety of poker with them, but because of the cyrillic characters on the face cards I had to drop out of the game.

I never knew exactly when I entered Poland. There was no bugle, barbed wire, or bump in the track. It was quite different the first time I entered the German Democratic Republic. That was at Magdeburg, just over the border, where the train was halted for fifteen minutes for the official welcome. Women with nurses' uniforms



handed cups of warm tea through the windows to people with children, and all youths were presented with bouquets of wild flowers. The loudspeaker blared an enthusiastic welcome in German, French, and English, and a band banged away on the platform.

The steam engine puffed into Gdansk station, Warsaw, but the towering Palace of Culture still loomed on the horizon. Something told me the trip was only partly over. The central station for Warsaw, one of the finest in all Europe, *had* been completed, I was to find out, in 1939, just as the Nazi siege of the city began.

Gdansk station appeared to be three or four miles from the center of the city. The station waiting room was new but looked dingy and dark and had the dank smell of new concrete. The kiosks and restaurant were closed. I was a capitalist and had no intention of walking to my hotel; I ran through my meager international vocabulary trying to find where I could trade Dutch guilders for Polish zlotys, but all I got were negative gestures for everything from haircuts to baggage checks. Evidently they had not taken too well to their German occupation; all signs were in Polish and Russian, and all the Polish I had ever seen before was on the label of a pickle jar.

The late afternoon July sun caused me to shed my coat soon after I stepped off for my hotel. Trolleys, buses, and taxis rolled right on with no notice of my frequent gestures. Luckily, the name of my hotel was "Bristol" which enabled me to cut down on my sign language in asking directions.

There was little private traffic on the streets and few people were to be seen as I walked between the huge, dull-gray, dreary-looking apartment blocks. Barren yards were still covered with clay dug up during construction, and the landscape was broken only by little clusters of dented trash cans beside the street. Large areas were still covered with rubble heaps.

The first thing I did after turning over my passport, visa,

and customs declaration to the hotel clerk was to collect the 1,000 zlotys which I had paid for in Holland. I was soon to find out why one had to buy one week's lodging before entering the country. I was required to purchase my Polish currency at the official bank rate of twenty-four zlotys to the dollar. Soon after my arrival I walked past a bank and was descended upon by a mob of young people who thought I was entering to exchange money. Each tried to outbid the other, offering first twenty-five zlotys per dollar and quickly bidding up to seventy. My haircut must have given my nationality away—my clothes were typically Western European—and they knew enough English to talk money. It was only after many quick steps and "kan niet verstaan's"—Dutch is the surest bet under such circumstances anywhere but the Low Countries and is recommended to the continental traveler for non-comprehension—that I outdistanced my confused pursuers.

Had I traded with them they would have sold my dollar for almost one hundred zlotys. From there, I learned from a professional free-enterpriser, my dollar would eventually return home by the way of a Baltic freighter to London, increasing in value from hand to hand. The money market in Poland seemed to function almost openly; in Czechoslovakia it would have drawn quick attention and probably resulted in a five year jail sentence. But, for the tourist on a very limited budget, the difference between the bank rate and the "free market" rate is important. It means the difference between paying sixty cents or two dollars for a meal, or hiring a taxi for two-fifty or eight dollars per hour.

The Bristol was the only hotel of the fifteen per cent of Warsaw's buildings which escaped destruction during the war—probably because it housed a number of German officials. Unlike the new and somewhat swank Grand Hotel in the centrum, the Bristol, which stands in the area of the University and the old town, has old furnishings, high ceilings, and a decor typical of older continental hotels.

It was built by Ignatius Paderewski almost sixty years ago and is in pretty good repair today except for a few groups of pockmarks on the exterior where shell fragments splattered.

The atmosphere in the hotel was pleasant; in fact, there was always the temptation to forego the parks, altars, memorials, and museums, get a copy of the New York *Herald Tribune* which was always to be found in the lobby, sink into one of the big plush chairs, and read between the scenes that passed through the large room. There were English beatniks "motoring through" to Moscow, an East German "peace" delegation, Americans clucking their tongues and humming over what Communism had done to that poor city, and the ever-present officials of the Chinese Peoples Republic in their light brown suit coats which button all the way to the neck.

Small glasses of cold, yellow Polish vodka are handed about frequently in the lounges adjoining three bars. The favorite is Bison vodka which has a blade of prairie grass in each bottle—and not because the management is trying to cater to American midwesterners, as I explained to an unnecessarily flattered American tourist. The bison is indigenous to this area, and the Poles may put what they want in the bottle since they invented the drink. Furthermore, I added with authority, you would not think of diluting it with anything any more than you would put ice in Englishman's tea. An Englishman was present and contributed his "hear! hear!" but I did not dare to mention that the English had not invented tea. A bottle of chilled vodka is almost always placed on the hotel or restaurant table along with the menu, and throughout the meal it is chased with twelve per cent beer from Pilzn, Czechoslovakia, which, incidentally, is available in no bottle smaller than a quart. The only unfortunate thing about the tasty Polish vodka is that this method of disposing of the potato

crop has developed into one of the nation's more serious problems.

The meals have other interesting aspects too. My first breakfast was coffee and eggs, an interesting enough order to pantomime. The coffee was served in a water tumbler, piping hot, sitting in a saucer. The eggs were then brought, soft poached, in another water tumbler. I decided then not to try for beefsteak.

After drinking my breakfast I made my first visit to the University, almost next door. The registrar, a young man in his late twenties, wore an open sports shirt. His greeting was most cordial, and afterward, though he was quite busy, he took most of a morning to show me about the buildings. My wait in his reception office was short, but I noticed familiar sights and sounds though I could not understand the conversations. One young lady waiting with some papers in her hand had tears streaking her cheeks.

The administration building, the Kazimierzowski Palace, had been badly damaged, as were most of the university buildings, but had been rebuilt almost exactly as it had been before the war. The great hall and the Rector's chambers were most striking with their highly polished hardwood floors and tall glass-paneled doors opening onto balconies overlooking the broad Vistula valley. The university library was one of the buildings to escape heavy damage and still stands as a monument to several dedicated librarians who remained inside during the 1939 siege to protect the collections. The assistant librarian told me how seven had worked day and night removing valuable books and rushing about the building throwing sand and dirt on fires started by tracers or incendiary shells. There was no water available after the first few hours of the siege which was to last almost a month. After Warsaw capitulated it became quickly apparent that the destruction of educational and cultural landmarks had

only just begun. Only ten per cent of the city had been destroyed—seventy-five per cent more would be reduced to rubble before 1945.

The Germans, in accordance with their "General Plan for the East" (Generalplan Ost), intended to reduce the city to a small provincial town of "German character." This was no new idea. The King of Prussia, after occupying Warsaw at the close of the eighteenth century, had intended to disperse the inhabitants and level the city because it was the center of resistance to the Germanization of the "Eastern territories."

The Nazis planned to deport at least eighty per cent of Poland's population and remove all traces of Polish culture. The remaining Poles would be taught just enough words and numbers to work on German farms. As Heinrich Himmler wrote, the task was ". . . to see that the eastern borderland [Poland] is inhabited only by people of true German, Teutonic blood." Again Warsaw stood as the main obstacle to the plan. The city was the only Allied capital which defended itself in the streets, and then long after the rest of the country had fallen. This threw a serious kink into German planning on all frontiers.

"You have your numbers wrong," said a book store clerk to me, "We defended the city for five years and it was never taken." And this, on second thought, seems to be no exaggeration.

Half of Poland's scholars and technical personnel lived in Warsaw in 1939; half of the country's periodicals were published there; over half the nation's collections were in Warsaw archives, and the city contained well over a thousand museums, churches, temples, historical edifices, libraries, theaters, and concert halls. The Poles know of the centuries-old Prussian plan for a Carthaginian settlement of the "Polish question." The people of Warsaw fought.

The destruction of Warsaw was most methodical and

eighty-five per cent effective. Plans of buildings marked for destruction were examined by engineers, and demolitions placed in specified spots in the structures for maximum effectiveness. At times, however, demolition charges were placed in holes hurriedly drilled one meter apart around the buildings and exploded simultaneously.

This war was waged, quite expectedly, against libraries as strategic objectives. The Zamoyski Palace Library, the National Library, and the Rappersville Library were looted and then destroyed. The Krasinski Library was kindled with 150,000 books. In 1944, during the biggest uprising, two of the Warsaw Archives were burned, and just before the Germans evacuated the city in 1945 they managed to burn the Eighteenth Century Public Library with all its 500,000 volumes.

The librarians at the University were justly proud of their efforts to save their collections—many days were spent in moving, storing and burying valuable books. Now their efforts in recovering lost and stolen items are making an invaluable contribution to the cultural reconstruction of Warsaw. About 70,000 incunabula, unpublished manuscripts, prints and drawings, or about forty per cent of the collections, have not yet been recovered and are presumed to have been burned or distributed to private collections in Germany. But the carefully guarded remainder are being used to reconstruct historical sections of the city which were reduced to unidentifiable heaps. Churches, monuments, palaces, old theaters and the like, are being reconstructed with plans which are in some instances, three or four centuries old. One of the most notable examples of this type of reconstruction is the old town and market with its famous landmarks such as Chopin's rooms, the town gate, and the wine house built by Jacob Fugger the Rich. All eight of Poland's Universities lost heavily in the occupation. Besides the destruction of the school plants, 700 professors were lost. As we walked from the library, the



registrar pointed to the history building. "There is all we shall ever again see of almost half our faculty," he said. In marble, on the side of the building, were inscribed the names of 127 professors who had died fighting or been executed. That list, I was told, did not include those who died in labor camps or from "natural causes."

Everywhere on the small quadrangle were stacks of brick, piles of sand, mortar boxes, and scaffolding. Quite a number of workers were engaged in interior decorating or repairing and smoothing over pitted walls. There is still much of this to be done in the city even sixteen years since the war, but it is probably because they have until now been preoccupied with replacing floors and roofs.

The University of Warsaw is best known for its achievements in the fields of mathematics and paleozoology, but several important pieces of research currently pursued are in archaeology, the history of art, classical and oriental philology, and linguistics. The school of philology has about the largest enrollment at the University. During my tour of the philology buildings, I was introduced to a young teacher of English. We had only a short visit in which he told me of some of the work he and his wife were doing in English literature. He spoke a distinct British with hardly any trace of a Polish accent.

Just before leaving the University I made the mistake of calling my new acquaintance Professor. He politely corrected me: "You must understand that I am a mere assistant. You know the saying about the British admiral being answerable only to God? Well, it is much the same with professors here." I gathered that Warsaw professors enjoyed a great deal of academic freedom, and considerable freedom from administrative detail. A number of the University administrators were young and able graduates of recent vintage hired by the professors to handle their paper-work and so leave them free to pursue their academic specialties. My young registrar-guide, for ex-



ample, had been graduated from law school only two years earlier.

Students at the University are hearty looking and spirited. They are somewhat drably dressed in old fashioned suit-coats, cotton dresses, and heavy, unpolished shoes. But most of the 7,000 students, more than half of whom are women, feel that their lot has improved considerably over that of their pre-war counterparts. They may, as students, disapprove of the way the country is being run, as they showed in 1956, but feel they cannot complain about the opportunities provided for them in education. About three of every four students enjoy scholarships as compared to about three of every fifty before the war. Many are from peasant families who would not have had any hope for a scholarship in 1939. Where fourteen youngsters out of every 10,000 population entered higher education in 1939, there are now forty-five. Most of these students at Warsaw join about 15,000 other university students in Poland for government-paid vacations to the Baltic or the Carpathians each year.

The Hotel Bristol is the headquarters for Orbis, the official Polish travel agency, and the tour offices are directly across the street. It was there that I found that there were no regularly scheduled tours of the city and that the only group tours available had to be arranged in advance. It was only after two hours of enquiry that I was able to arrange for a guide. We hired a taxi, a Russian model, for the tour. Our first stop was at the World War I memorial of the Polish unknown soldier which had been blown up by the Germans and was being reconstructed as a memorial of both wars. It was there that I learned that my guide's husband had been killed in Italy while serving with a Polish unit.

Most of our two hour tour was spent in and around the old town where we walked over the old market square and Sigismund Square, where only the foundations and

filled cellars of the Royal Castle remain. We visited the old town gate and tower, several palaces and churches. All of these had been restored from old plans, drawings, and photographs.

All of the historic churches of that area were on our itinerary. Some of the altars had been "exported" or cut up for their metal by the Germans, but nearly everything else, I was told, was just as before. The Orbis guide, I noticed, never failed to genuflect when entering a nave or stopping before an altar. In one street where a small church was closed for some reason unknown to me, people knelt on the sidewalk near the entrance.

The reconstruction of cultural symbols has taken precedence over almost everything else, perhaps because of German—and to a considerable extent, Russian—determination to eliminate Polish culture over the centuries. People still live in boarded-up sections of bombed-out buildings and go to work each day on a church, palace, monument, or historical edifice.

Almost in view of the Bristol Hotel is the National Theater and Opera House, a gigantic sprawling structure which would cover a typical city block in this country. It had been almost completely destroyed during the war, and the main stage had been used for machine gun executions. Now it is almost ready for use again—as a theater, that is.

Just a few hundred feet away from this gleaming white marble structure are the remains of the national bank of Poland. Most of the structure is gutted and appears to be abandoned. I found, however, that one corner had been repaired and some offices are still functioning there. Immediately after the war, I was told, there were no office machines of any kind left in Warsaw after the Nazi pillage, and all accounts and correspondence had to be kept in long hand for about five years.

Modern Poland is to be found in the center of Warsaw.

Some might say this is symbolized best by the colossal Palac Kultury. A gift from the Russian people to the people of Poland, the Palace houses the Academy of Science, which replaced the old Polish Academy, party offices, a congress hall, a restaurant and nightclub—which has a quality floor show, I might add. With a shuttle of two elevators one can go to the observation area near the top for an excellent view of the city and the Vistula valley.

I was never able to get much information about the Palac Kultury. Few travel books and pamphlets even mention it and then with no reference to its origin. At one time a church or religious monument must have stood in its place, because one taxi driver's only comment on the imposing structure was, "that is our new Madonna." In driving through the city and literally passing under the shadow of the Palace, the only information given about it by the official guide was in response to my question "what is that?"

The Russian is not well liked in Warsaw, and one gets the impression that even the Gomulka government and the United Workers Party would suffer in a free opinion poll. Polish resistance to communism should not be construed, however, to mean that Poles desire to embrace western capitalism. On the contrary, many feel that only socialism could have been so successful in rebuilding and improving such things as industry, education, and welfare institutions. The scarcity of consumer goods and the protracted low standard of living has been the main source of dissatisfaction among city workers who feel that, along with the peasant-farmers and the government functionaries, they are not getting a fair shake.

The resistance to communism in Poland, a student told me, was not the rejection of an ideology, but a rejection of Russianization. "We have stubbornly held to our cultural identity, and I suppose we have had to pay the price," he said. "This is why we stay close to our church,"

he continued. "The Church has adapted itself to the new state and shall continue to do so, but at best it has little to offer for a better life. It is just a part of Polish life and has survived with the people for centuries with a hostile Protestant Prussia on one side and an expansionist Orthodox Russia on the other. And then it was National Socialism on one side and Communism on the other."

Walking over the three miles from Palac Kultury to the Old Town, one passes block after block of leveled lots and badly damaged buildings unless one walks the busy streets. On the other side of the Palac Kultury, in the heart of the business district, new five to ten story buildings dominate the scene, and more are being built on the back streets. The streets here seem always to be full of people, and getting a seat on a trolley is usually impossible. The streets are washed down periodically throughout the day by water trucks, and rarely does one see refuse in a gutter.

Some of the new department stores are quite impressive although displays are austere, goods a little on the shabby side, and choices limited. The most attractive section of the department store is the lunch counter and cafeteria. These buildings, like public buildings such as train stations, all seem to have this new, stark, steel-and-concrete "social-realism" which has a depressing effect.

At the ends of blocks of larger buildings and on the back streets there are occasional clusters of small shops within a passage or shopping arcade. Most of the buildings appear permanent, but the businesses give the impression of being temporary.

The downtown shop most frequently seen is the book store. They all do a thriving business along with the newspaper kiosks whose racks are stacked with paperback books. The Russian and French sections seemed to be the largest. Most American books are confined to the subjects of mathematics and science, though I did pick

up a copy of Jack Douglas's *My Brother Was An Only Child*. I also bought a copy of the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*, and I never saw any English newspaper in any other Communist country except the London *Daily Worker*.

In the window of every bookstore I saw in Warsaw there was a print of Jan Matejko's famous painting of the Battle of Grunwald (Tannenberg) where the Poles and Liths routed the Teutonic Knights in the great victory 550 years ago. Everywhere there are reminders of Poland's 1,000 years of statehood which they shall be celebrating over the next several years. In Prague one sees peace symbols like large papier-maché or plastic doves hanging on large wire mounts. In East Berlin one sees large pictures of a machine gear with a large "7" in the middle which stands for their new seven year plan, and all over East Germany there are huge signs bearing slogans like "Peace and Victory through Socialism." But in Warsaw the emphasis seems to be on Polish history and the new Polish state.

Prague has constructed the largest statue of Stalin of any of the satellite countries, but the Poles are rebuilding the statues of Copernicus, Chopin, and Mickiewicz which the Germans blew up. And never did I see as many pictures of Karl Marx in Poland as I did in *our* Yugoslavia.

I tried to get into a movie theater one evening and found it hopelessly packed. The movies are hard to find since there are no glowing marquees and fluorescent billboards. Most downtown ticket windows are hidden in narrow passageways between buildings or on narrow side streets. When I did find one with unsold tickets I had to wait for almost an hour for the feature to end before I could take my seat for the next one. There are many Polish films, but most seem to be foreign, *i. e.*, Russian, Czechoslovakian, or French. Of the few American films I noticed, most were of the cheaper variety or several years old. I had not seen a Tom Mix Western for years until I visited Warsaw.

The desire to visit England or the United States was strong among most of the Poles I met and especially so with students. Many things considered, Americans are copied or imitated, and questions about us come flying from all around. Nowhere did I encounter any anti-American feeling nor is much Polish propaganda directly anti-American. Official propaganda is not directed against capitalism, imperialism, or the West nearly so much as against the German Federal Republic. Poland fears a rearmed German state and seems to be greatly disturbed by our decision to supply the new *Bundeswehr* with such delivery weapons as the Polaris missile. When the West German General staff recently entered politics—a violation of the Brussels Convention—with a demand to the German Parliament for nuclear weapons, there was practically no notice taken in the United States, but it caused considerable concern to the Poles. Reception rooms in Polish embassies in Western Europe are full of books about German atrocities during the war, and tack boards are posted with pictures of executions and devastations in Poland.

There is, of course, a traditional dislike of the Russians for their part in repeated partitions of Poland and more recently the Soviet attacks on their new nation in the early twenties, the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact, the Katyn Forest massacre, and the failure of Soviet help in the 1944 Bor uprising in Warsaw. But the Germans are still the main object of Polish distrust and hatred.

"It is this," said one student, "which binds us in the Warsaw Pact with Russia; the merging of your and the German foreign policies for a reunited and rearmed Germany bound to the West. That only means that they can now, in the name of democracy and with your improved weapons, do a better job on us than they did before. What you might call 'liberation' of Eastern Europe could be the same as what we have experienced periodically throughout our history."



If one walks far enough in one direction on a Warsaw street he will pass by a small monument or plaque in the wall next to a sidewalk. There one finds a few bouquets or wreaths draped with the Polish colors of red and white, and maybe a photograph. There are also, on some of these, inscriptions of from fifteen to fifty names. These monuments mark the places where groups of Poles were lined against the wall and executed in retaliation for some misdeed against the occupying Germans. Sometimes, I was told by a woman who had witnessed this, a trolley or bus was stopped on the street and the occupants, including women and children, executed on the spot.

This is no mean factor in the Pole's delight at the prospect of a permanently partitioned Germany. In looking over the area of the infamous Warsaw ghetto one can almost hear the echoes of the unspeakable horror that once permeated that walled nightmare. But the fate of those 400,000 people is only a part of the Pole's knowledge that 6,000,000 of his countrymen died as a result of the *Eindeutschung der Ostgebiete*. Poland's losses in the war were greater than any other country's with 220 of every 1,000 perishing. As a comparison, Britain's losses were 368,000 or eight per 1,000, France's 650,000 or fifteen per 1,000, and the United States' were 187,000 or 1.4 per 1,000.

My visit to Warsaw was filled with many heartening encounters with a heroic, industrious, hospitable people, eager to meet Americans and discuss freely their problems and our differences. Although more than fifteen years have passed since the end of the war, little can be written about this city and its people without explaining their recent history.

Everywhere I visited I seemed to leave my acquaintances on a note of good-natured humor. Just before I left, a middle aged gentleman asked my destination, and when I told him "Czechoslovakia," he replied, "What, you are going to that Communist country?"



# The Welfare State: Soviet Ideology and Practice

KAREL HULICKA

THE GOVERNMENT of the U. S. S. R., controlled by the Communist Party, determines, guides, regulates, promotes and in short controls the political, economic, social, educational and cultural aspects of life in the U. S. S. R. Only a totalitarian state could, or would need to exert such control. By governmental action, the Soviet citizen is provided with social services which no other state could guarantee, but for these services he has paid dearly—economic deprivation in the past, and lack of political freedom since the beginning of the regime (which he seldom had in the Tsarist regime, either). Khrushchev claims that in the struggle for world power, the communist system can, even without the use of modern war weapons, win—because, he maintains, the Soviet system permits the greater satisfaction of more needs of more people. Since in recent years standards of living in the U. S. S. R. have risen appreciably, and since the possibility exists, albeit an excessively remote possibility, that the curtailment of political freedom might be somewhat reduced, it is important that the citizens of democratic countries be fully aware of the “peaceful competition weapons” used by the Communists. This paper will devote itself to the constitutionally guaranteed rights of Soviet citizens, their translation into practice, and their potential effect in the struggle for world power.

An entire chapter of the Soviet constitution is devoted to the fundamental rights and duties of citizens. The fol-

lowing *duties* are listed and strictly enforced: to work; to observe the laws; to maintain labor discipline; to perform public duties honestly; to respect the rules of socialist intercourse; to safeguard and fortify public socialist property; to defend the country; and to serve in the armed forces (Articles 12, 130-133). The list of *rights*, not all of which are upheld, is longer and more impressive.

The right to guaranteed employment and payment for work depending on its quality and quantity (Article 118) is considered one of the greatest achievements of the Soviet regime. Soviet leaders claim that real freedom in the sphere of economics results from the utilization of economic laws which permit people to predict and build safely for their future. Guaranteed employment in the U. S. S. R. is possible because of nationalization, a planned economy, and the elimination of economic depressions with resulting unemployment. The governments of predominantly free-enterprise-economy states cannot promise to maintain full employment, which the Soviet state as a monopolistic entrepreneur is able to do. In free-enterprise economies the prospective worker may, if there is no unemployment, choose from among several potential employers or, in some cases, establish his own enterprise. In the Soviet Union, with rare exceptions, he has little choice but to work for the state or a cooperative. Moreover, because of maximum production goals and ideological reasons, work is a duty as well as a right. Positions available to the Soviet worker depend, as elsewhere, on his education, training, and experience and, in the main, payment is in accordance with the quality and quantity of work. The additional qualification of political reliability is an indispensable prerequisite for most important positions. Since errors because of ignorance, misjudgment, or for any reasons whatsoever may be interpreted by authorities as sabotage and evidence of political unreliability, Soviet administrators and workers are under continual tension. In

other countries errors may lead to demotion and unemployment but not to conviction for a political crime; employment by the state may thus entail serious disadvantages. Nevertheless, guaranteed employment by the state is a significant accomplishment and the genuineness of the right to work provides Soviet leaders with realistic and powerful propaganda.

Article 119 of the constitution states:

Citizens of the U. S. S. R. have the right to rest and leisure. The right to rest and leisure is ensured by the establishment of an eight-hour day for industrial, office, and professional workers, the reduction of the working day to seven or six hours for arduous trades and to four hours in shops where conditions of work are particularly arduous; by the institution of annual vacations with full pay for industrial, office, and professional workers, and by the provision of a wide network of sanatoria, holiday homes, and clubs for the accommodation of the working people.

Although most Soviet workers are still on the job six days a week, the current Seven Year Plan specifies that the number of work hours per week should be reduced. At present, persons involved in unpleasant, dangerous or arduous jobs (such as underground mining) are given shorter work weeks, higher salaries, earlier retirement, longer vacations, and preferential treatment in preventive medicine, hospitalization, and housing. These, of course, are techniques used by the state to equate the supply of and demand for such workers. Workers in the less desirable jobs are granted up to four weeks of paid vacation per annum, while the vacation of other workers varies from twelve to occasionally more than twenty-four days per year. Vacations are distributed throughout the year, partly because of the emphasis on maximum production and partly because the number of low priced sanatoria and rest homes operated by the Trade Unions would be grossly insufficient to meet the demand for them if the majority of citizens were permitted to take their vacations during the summer months. Workers are reminded frequently

by their leaders that they should be most appreciative of the shorter work day and paid vacations: no doubt these benefits, as tangible accomplishments of the regime, do foster increased popular support. Still greater concessions for internal morale and external propaganda reasons may be expected.

According to Article 120 of the constitution:

Citizens of the U. S. S. R. have the right to maintenance in old age and also in case of sickness or disability. This right is ensured by the extensive development of social insurance of industrial, office, and professional workers at state expense, free medical service for the working people, and the provision of a wide network of health resorts for the use of the working people.

Male workers may retire at the age of sixty, females at the age of fifty-five. The 1956 revision of the pension system provides maximum and minimum old age pensions of 300 and 1200 rubles per month for those qualified by length of service. The amount of the pensions is calculated as a percentage of previous earnings with a progressively smaller percentage being paid in the higher wage brackets. Workers previously earning 350 rubles or less per month receive pensions amounting to 100 per cent of previous earnings, while the average worker who earns about 750 rubles per month retires on a pension of approximately 487 rubles (in November 1960).<sup>\*</sup> Very high pensions have been eliminated. Since 1956, pensioners have been permitted to work, as was true previously, but receive only part of the pension. Minimum pensions and wages are to be increased during the present Seven Year Plan.

Sick pay and disability benefits, which are relatively high, depend upon regular earnings and length of service in the same kind of work. The six months minimum length of service for sick benefits is a technique used by the government to reduce labor turnover. It applies to persons

<sup>\*</sup> G. A. Prudenski (ed.), *Voprosy truda v SSSR (Problems of Labor in the U. S. S. R. Moscow, 1958)*, 357.

released from previous jobs for negligence and inefficiency and to those who change jobs on their own initiative, but not to those who transfer under official orders or sanction. Minimum monthly sick payments are 300 and 270 rubles in urban and rural areas respectively, and the maximum payment is 100 rubles per day. Trade Union members receive twice as much as non-union members. Members with less than three years service receive fifty per cent of their regular pay, and with more than twelve years service ninety per cent, provided that maximum and minimum rates are not violated. Persons injured at work or whose disease is caused by work conditions receive 100 per cent of their regular wage or, if permanently disabled, are given retirement pensions. Maternity benefits continue for 112 days.

Collective farm workers are not covered by governmental social insurance and pensions, although state farm workers are. It is predicted that in the near future all collective farms will be required to maintain adequate social insurance funds, although at present, in spite of official urging, only the relatively rich farms have formalized social insurance. On most farms, the ill and the elderly are given relief payments from small funds set aside by the farm.

All Soviet citizens receive supplementary income in the form of low-rent housing. The low rental fee, which amounts to approximately four per cent of the worker's wage, does not even cover maintenance costs and contributes nothing to the capital costs of construction. A serious housing shortage, however, contributed to by speedy industrialization, migration to urban areas, and World War II (which left approximately twenty-five million people homeless), constitutes a major problem in the U. S. S. R. Currently, entire families may live in only one room, sharing a kitchen with other families. The Seven Year Plan calls for the construction of fifteen million apart-

ment units. The ultimate aim is to provide a separate, though perhaps small, apartment for every family. This new housing will represent a visible and much needed improvement.

Another substantial supplement to incomes is provided by free medical and dental care. Physicians and dentists, like other professional workers, are state employees, and citizens do not have to pay for medical services or hospitalization. Drugs can be bought very cheaply. With 380,000 physicians in addition to 1,300,000 feldshers, midwives, pharmacists and nurses as of January 1960, the U. S. S. R. claims to have more physicians per capita than any other nation. No matter how ill a Soviet citizen may be, medical expenses need not constitute a financial catastrophe for him or for his family.

Citizens of the U. S. S. R. have the right to education (Article 121). Educational fees were introduced in 1940 but were abolished in 1956. Currently, all schools from kindergartens to universities and institutes offer free education. Moreover, students in institutions of higher education who excel in their studies are awarded state grants, free technical, vocational and agronomic training is provided by factories, state and collective farms, and throughout the country evening and correspondence courses are available.

Tough competition prevails in Soviet schools. The number of students admitted to universities and institutes is limited by the needs of the national economy, and by academic excellence. Only the most talented students are able to pass the entrance examinations. Future careers are affected by educational records. Outstanding graduates of secondary schools can be accepted for any field of advanced training and know that after graduation from an institute of higher learning, jobs connected with high social prestige and income will be available. Hence, for prac-



tical reasons, students tend to be highly motivated to excel in their academic work.

The recent introduction of part-time work and part-time study for students merits discussion. Some Western observers have concluded that Khrushchev is ruining the Soviet educational system. It seems unlikely, however, that the Soviet government, with its emphasis on efficiency and productivity, intends to waste talent. Thus, the training of the most gifted students should be improved considerably, because these students will be required to perform only a minimum of physical work in connection with polytechnical education, and otherwise will be given every opportunity to develop to the utmost in small classes led by the most capable of the available educators.

But what about the majority of students, and why was the educational reform introduced? Soviet students have irritated or worried the Party leaders for a number of reasons. For example, after the Twentieth Party Congress at which Stalin's mistakes were admitted, students committed one of the worst sins possible in the U. S. S. R. by asking questions which showed highly unorthodox views and indicated doubt about the infallibility of the Party leadership. University students in the Peoples' Democracies participated in either uprisings or criticisms against the communist way of life. The young people, intended to be the future leaders of communism, were showing signs of political unreliability. Moreover, students had dared to act bored by official propaganda, and to take a lively interest in inappropriate things, such as Western clothing and jazz. In work situations also Soviet youth were not living up to expectations. Graduates from complete secondary schools were not sufficiently well prepared for practical work. On the job, the better educated workers were accused of separating themselves from the less well educated ones. Influential parents tried to persuade university au-



thorities to admit their children, regardless of academic excellence. Scientific, professional, academic, and artistic careers were admitted while manual work was almost sneered at by many of the secondary school graduates. These attitudes and practices were not compatible with the theory of equality of all occupations which is supposed to be a characteristic of communist society, nor with maximum productivity and political development.

The Party and the government introduced part-time work combined with part-time study as a remedial measure. Presumably, differences between workers and students will be decreased since workers are encouraged to study, and students will be intimately involved in production. Practical training will be improved, but the opportunities for academic training will still be extensive. And Soviet youth will be too busy to be bored, corrupted by foreign ideas, or to raise non-bolshevik questions. The Soviet educational system was modified predominantly because of political reasons. Pedagogical and economic considerations were of minor importance. Should the new system prove to have major detrimental effects, it will be revised again. The reorganization illustrated both the ability and willingness of the Soviet state to interfere in the life of individuals.

Women in the U. S. S. R. have absolutely equal rights with men in all spheres of economic, government, cultural, political and other public activity (Article 122). In fact, they have equal rights to work, receive equal payment for work, rest, leisure, social insurance and education. The state protects the interest of mother and child, gives aid to mothers of large families, including unmarried mothers, guarantees maternity leave with full pay, and has established a network of maternity homes, nurseries, and kindergartens. Women are employed in all types of jobs from construction workers to university professors. Thirty-three per cent of all Soviet engineers and lawyers, fifty-seven

per cent of all economists and statisticians, seventy per cent of all primary and secondary school teachers, and seventy-five per cent of all physicians are women. In the Supreme Soviet elected in 1958 women constitute more than twenty-five per cent of the membership of each chamber. Even in small details the equal rights of women are apparent; for example, a bride can adopt her husband's surname, he can adopt hers, or both spouses can use their prenuptial names. The wife can choose her own occupation, and is not obliged to change her residence if the husband does. Since in Tsarist Russia the position of women was one of the lowest in Europe, women are highly appreciative of their new status. In exchange for their expanded freedom, they are expected to be enthusiastic builders of socialism.

Article 123 of the constitution states:

Equality of rights of citizens of the U. S. S. R., irrespective of their nationality or race, in all spheres of economic, government, cultural, political and other public activity, is an indefeasible law. Any direct or indirect restriction of the rights of, or, conversely, the establishment of any direct or indirect privileges for, citizens on account of their race or nationality, as well as any advocacy of racial or national exclusiveness or hatred and contempt, are punishable by law.

Since the U. S. S. R. is one of the most multinational states in the world, the Soviet leadership has necessarily been very sensitive to the problem of nationalities. In striving diligently to have all nationalities actively connected to the regime, the U. S. S. R. has, in the main, provided eminently fair treatment of all minority groups. Only occasionally has there been extensive violation of Article 123, such as the wholesale transfer of some national groups during and immediately following the war.

The constitutionally guaranteed right to work, to rest and leisure, to maintenance in old age and sickness, education, and to equality regardless of sex, race, or nationality are consistent with Marxist theory and with the ultimate

goals for Soviet society. Consequently these are genuine rights, accorded to most of the people, most of the time. Certain other constitutionally guaranteed rights are considerably less genuine or are upheld much less consistently.

Since 1936 freedom of religious worship and freedom of anti-religious propaganda had been recognized for all citizens. The church in the U. S. S. R. is separated from both the school and the state (Article 124). However, Marxist-Leninist theory is diametrically opposed to religion which with its teachings about humility and patience may still the revolutionary spirit of the working people. The Soviet government, in spite of the apparently impartial wording of the constitution, would prefer to liquidate all churches completely. In the past, schools, theatres and all means of communication have been used to discredit religion which is described as superstitious ideology unrelated to science. Freedom of religion was granted as a constitutional right because millions of Soviet citizens are believers, and the Party prefers to have the support and good will of the masses, and because neutral countries are apt to have a more positive attitude toward a regime which tolerates freedom of worship. During the war, the Party made use of the Church in rallying people to defend the motherland and since that time has granted some concessions. The election of a Patriarch was permitted in 1943 along with the training of a limited number of theologians. Anti-religious activities are limited to persuasion and education rather than the active persecution which characterized the early Bolshevik era.

Articles 127 and 128 guarantee Soviet citizens inviolability of person and home and privacy of correspondence. It is specified that no person may be placed under arrest except by decision of a court or with the sanction of a procurator. Available evidence indicates that in civil and ordinary criminal cases these constitutional rights are seldom violated, but that frequently individuals accused of

committing political crimes have been deprived of these rights.

Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, including the holding of mass meetings and freedom of street processions and demonstrations are guaranteed to Soviet citizens (Article 125). This guarantee is, however, prefaced by the qualification that these freedoms are granted "in conformity with the interests of the working people and in order to strengthen the socialist system." Since the interests of the working people are represented, guided and interpreted by the Party, none of these freedoms could be used against the Party or to weaken the socialist system.

The guaranteed freedoms are meaningless with reference to political matters. If a Soviet citizen were foolish enough to make a speech or even private remarks condemning Party policy, propounding the merits of capitalism, or suggesting a return to free enterprise, he would, at best, be considered politically unreliable, and most probably would be accused of a political crime. Freedom of the press is in reality freedom to print what the Party agrees should be printed. All publishing facilities are state-owned and operated. Printing and duplicating equipment must be registered with the police. Rigorous censorship is practiced: the press is supervised by the Department of Agitation and Propaganda of the Party's Central Committee and by the Chief Administration of Literary and Publishing Affairs, a governmental agency. Khrushchev stated, "We cannot put the press in unreliable hands. It must be in the hands of the most faithful, most trustworthy, most politically steadfast people devoted to our cause" (*Pravda*, August 28, 1957). Needless to say, in spite of guaranteed freedom of the press, all reporters, editors, and publishers are carefully selected and trained by the Party.

Soviet citizens have the right to unite in public organizations; trade unions, co-operative societies, youth organiza-

tions, sport and defense organizations, cultural, technical and scientific societies (Article 126). That these public organizations are not meant to be free and independent is revealed in a statement in the same article: the "most active and politically conscious citizens . . . voluntarily unite in the Communist Party . . . [which] is the leading core of all organizations of the working people, both public and state." In short, citizens are free to unite in organizations provided the organizations are controlled by the Party and help develop the Party program. Rights are granted and respected, not because of individual needs but because of their potential to strengthen or achieve goals set by the Party. Thus for believers in the communist cause the guaranteed freedoms are a reality, for such persons are free to express opinions and join organizations consistent with Party policy. But non-believers are not free to express dissenting views, or to unite in independent, even non-political, organizations. Organized opposition to the Party is unconstitutional.

To what extent is the Soviet citizen "free"? In social welfare and economic matters he is encouraged to participate and be original. In these areas initiators of improvements and sensible innovations are awarded praise, material reward and publicity. Soviet newspapers neglect beauty queens but devote considerable space to glorifying efficient farm workers, ingenious administrators, and brilliant scientists. All workers are encouraged to discuss freely their ideas for potential improvements. On the other hand, the free discussion of political problems and issues is completely prohibited. To oppose decisions made by the Party leaders or to question the correctness of Party policy is considered counter-revolutionary. Soviet citizens do not have political freedom. According to Soviet ideology, however, *social* and *economic* rather than *political* rights constitute the cornerstone of personal freedom and liberty. The Soviets believe that political freedom is meaningless

in a society which engenders exploitation of man by man, fear of unemployment, inequality of women and of nationalities.

The constitutionally listed rights and obligations do not adequately describe the extent of governmental interference in the lives of Soviet citizens. Advocates of communism point out that the motivation for building a communist society must be intrinsic, and therefore concerted efforts are made to develop within Soviet citizens inner convictions about the rightness of communism. Every individual is subjected to a constant and inescapable barrage of Soviet propaganda. Schools, newspapers, professional journals, books, movies, and jobs are used for indoctrination purposes. Seldom, unless he is asleep, is an individual completely free from the seemingly omnipresent propaganda. He is urged to help achieve the goal of surpassing the most advanced capitalist countries in per capita output by improving his qualifications, increasing his output, and participating in socialist competition; Party goals and policies are explained and reiterated; the advantages for him of the communist system are stressed. Concerted efforts are made to achieve uniformity in thinking and to suppress any possible dissent. Points of view at variance with Marxism-Leninism are never presented.

The Soviet citizen is constantly observed by Party members, non-Party Bolsheviks, the police, co-workers, professional and social associates and perhaps even by members of his own family. Children have, on occasion, reported to the authorities unacceptable remarks made by parents. Doubts about Party policy must not be expressed, and in political matters the Soviet citizen is free to talk only in the way he is expected to talk. What is right or wrong politically is determined exclusively by the Party. Only those who are in full accord with the Party dogma, or who are intellectually dull, are able to have complete



peace of mind. The constant repetition of propaganda, combined with the danger of being accused of a political crime must contribute to tension, or a state of insecurity, or, at the very least, make life less pleasant. There seems to be a lack of relaxation among Soviet citizens. The individual is totally subservient to the state against which he has no protection since all institutions are controlled by the Party oligarchy. This extensive control by the state over the lives of individuals would have some justification if the Soviet state were governed by the people, and the major decisions made by the elected representatives of the people, as Soviet authorities erroneously declare.

Like all other persons in the U. S. S. R., the professional elite are fully dependent on the state. Scientists, professors, journalists, artists, and authors must be active propagandizers for the Party. The results of scientific research and artistic creation must be consistent with Marxism-Leninism, on pain of punishment such as demotion, ostracism, or even imprisonment. An adequate supply of foreign professional magazines and journals is available to physical scientists, but social scientists have been almost completely deprived of such sources of information and stimulation. Prior to the first Sputnik, most Westerners assumed that interference by the state in science, scholarship, and the arts would inevitably result in sterility. Currently it is admitted that state interference has produced outstanding achievements in some fields, while in others such as the social sciences, progress has been curtailed. Scholars, scientists, and artists are extremely well paid, and in exchange, the state expects them to produce, and not merely to analyze, criticize, or speculate about the correctness of the Soviet system.

Are the benefits provided by the Soviet state, particularly in the area of social welfare, adequate to compensate the Soviet citizen for his lack of political freedom? The Soviet



system of government may be described as backward and oligarchical. Like their pre-revolutionary ancestors, Soviet citizens do not live in a democracy. Since the bulk of the population of the U. S. S. R. has never enjoyed political freedom, it is possible that they do not miss it. For the peoples of the Soviet Union the available and therefore the most meaningful comparisons are with conditions under the Tsarist regime, rather than with the U. S. A. or Western European countries. Standards of living, though still lower than in most of western Europe, are much higher than under Tsarism, and may be expected to improve significantly in the next decade. Gradual but consistent improvements coupled with great promises have favorably affected Soviet morale.

Predictions about the effects of improved standards of living on political institutions are necessarily speculative. Popular support for the government may increase with increased material standards. Many defectors from the Soviet orbit were influenced more by their image of obtainable richness and luxury in other countries than by the hope for political freedom, something which was beyond their comprehension. For some Soviet citizens the notion that in other countries common people drive cars, have homes with gardens, refrigerators, television sets, washing machines, and the like is more impressive and meaningful than the political heritage of the Americans or the British.

When in addition to currently available social welfare benefits such as guaranteed employment, early retirement, free education and medical care, Soviet citizens are provided with more adequate housing and more non-essential material items, their reasons to envy western standards of living will be partially eliminated. Such circumstances would diminish the presently remote possibility that the population would demand a change in gov-

ernment. Improved educational levels could, of course, counteract the political effects of improved material well being. It has been argued that educated people are less likely than uneducated masses to tolerate a dictatorship. It is conceivable that with improved educational standards throughout the country, the Party leaders will be confronted with increasingly insistent demands for participation by the people in political decision-making. It may be improbable but is not impossible that the Soviet political system might be modified gradually toward democratic practices, since Marxist theory, the Statutes of the Communist Party, and the Constitution of the U. S. S. R. are all democratically oriented. The Soviet government has been non-democratic since its initiation, but the totalitarian heritage is not an absolute indication of unchangeability. Although Soviet leaders are not apt to relinquish their great power voluntarily, there is a distinct possibility that in a future struggle for leadership, no one leader will be able to achieve precedence. Under such circumstances, modifications toward democratic practices are more likely. Certainly, after Stalin's death, important changes in social and economic policies were made, even if the political system remained unchanged. But Khrushchev's success and skill in appropriating the power which had been held by Stalin was phenomenal. If he is not replaced by a leader of equal or greater strength and political dexterity, some significant changes in the political practices of the U. S. S. R. may be expected.

At present, one of Khrushchev's major goals is to achieve the highest standard of living in the world. Whether the goal will be achieved or not remains to be seen. At present, it is apparent that progress toward the goal is rapid. By improving standards of living the Soviet leaders hope to increase popular support for their system, and to gain in attractiveness to both neutral and Western countries. Khrushchev expresses confidence that in the

relatively near future the Soviet system will be able to provide greater satisfaction of more needs for more people than will any other system. Thus he claims, the Soviet system will be the winner in a peaceful competition. Obviously, the economics and statesmanship of the United States and West European countries as well as the efforts of the U. S. S. R. will affect the outcome of the peaceful competition. A decisive stage in the competition for world public opinion will come when standards of living in the U. S. S. R. are comparable to these in the United States.

The ultimate outcome of the peaceful competition depends upon political freedoms as well as on the material advantages offered by welfare measures. Of these two major determinants, the welfare state may exert the greatest effect. To the average person who is unemployed, hungry, or in the process of liquidating everything he owns to pay medical bills, the assurance of employment, food, and free medical care is doubtless more important than the right to vote. Currently, the economic discrepancies between the Soviet and the Western blocs are decreasing; standards of living in the U. S. S. R. are improving, and concurrently, western nations are providing increasingly numerous welfare services for their citizens. At present, and certainly in the foreseeable future, citizens of Western nations enjoy political freedoms not available to Soviet citizens. Herein lies a major advantage of the West in the struggle for world public opinion. If, however, it should happen that the Soviet Union makes more rapid progress in improving standards of living than the West does in providing welfare services, the question will remain whether political freedoms are a sufficiently powerful asset to counteract the material advantages of the welfare services offered by the U. S. S. R.

## Emilie Glen

*Skyed Always*

"Just at sunset I saw a dead sea gull,  
Plump red in the surf,"  
"Oh no, you couldn't have,  
A sea gull never dies,"  
"Drowned—dead,  
His wings sogged in oil,  
Only the surf gave him motion,  
Rolling him in dead,  
Nothing deader than a dead sea gull."

Sea gulls never die  
Nor even fade away,  
A sea gull is made of light,  
Bits of sky in take off,  
White crest of a wave,  
No gull ever falls,  
The tides of the sea, the flight of the gull  
Are for always,  
A sea gull flies beyond seeing  
Into sky, into sun,  
A sea gull never dies

# Captain Charles King, U. S. A.

S. J. SACKETT

SIXTY YEARS AGO it would have been hard to name a more popular author than Captain (later General) Charles King, U. S. Army. You could have named Robert W. Chambers, perhaps, and maybe a few others, but the number of authors whose total volume of sales exceeded King's probably would not have been larger than five. And today—well, have *you* ever heard of him? King is another example of the eternal problem that plagues people interested in literature: why is it that a writer can be tremendously popular among his contemporaries, yet completely forgotten after his death?

Certainly the answer cannot lie in any suggestion that King did not have an interesting subject. His books all concern the Indian fights of the 1870's—Congress, as he frequently complains, did not dignify them by admitting that they were wars; they were "police actions." A member of the Fifth United States Cavalry, he was adjutant of that regiment in its reprisal action against the Sioux following Custer's defeat at the Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876. Previously he had served with the Fifth in Arizona, where he had fought against the Apaches. He knew his subject thoroughly, and he wrote of it authoritatively.

What he had to say about the subject is interesting and pertinent. For one thing, he recognized the fact that the Indians had frequently been wronged. In *Fort Frayne*, for example, he shows what must have been, in its broad outlines at least, a discouragingly frequent occurrence on the frontier. In an encounter between a drunken cowboy and a drunken Indian, the Indian killed the cowboy in self-

defense. The other cowboys attempted to retaliate by attacking the entire tribe to which the Indian belonged; the colonel of Fort Frayne, being advised of the facts, acted to protect the Indians from the cowboys. The cowboy leader, however, maneuvered events to create a rift between the Indians and the army and, at the same time, he accused the colonel of malfeasance so that he was withdrawn to stand trial just when his presence was needed to keep the peace. Although these particular events may not have been common, it must have been fairly usual for the settlers to be the aggressors and to get into situations in which they needed the army to protect them.

Similarly King was certain that the blame for the Custer massacre lay ultimately on the white settlers who encroached on the boundaries of the Sioux reservation. He was not sympathetic toward the allies of the Sioux, for he felt that they had no provocation to join the Sioux on the warpath; and he had nothing but disgust for the tortures inflicted by the Sioux on their captives. But, despite all this, he recognized that the Sioux had right on their side. He justified the intervention of the army only on the ground that the peace had to be kept, whether unjustly or not.

A good deal of the blame for the Indian conflicts of the '70's King placed on the Indian Bureau itself. Part of the trouble was dishonesty and corruption on the part of local Indian agents; but chiefly the difficulty was that the policy of the Bureau was itself inept. Tribes who showed signs of going on the warpath were pacified at any cost; most of them insisted that the price for their peacefulness was new breech-loading rifles so that they could hunt buffalo. Once the rifles had been delivered, the tribes used them to go on the warpath. Time and again King insisted on the folly of this practice.

What was King's answer? One must, King maintained, be strong with the Indians; it is folly to be weak, for they are a primitive and savage people and do not understand



weakness. Much as a humanitarian hates to admit it, King was probably correct on this point; he gave too many examples where the Indians had taken advantage of kindnesses. But, on the other hand, one must also be fair. One must draw up the rules, and then abide by them. It is folly, King insisted, to expect the Indians to keep up their end of the bargain if the whites break theirs. Strength *and* fairness were King's answer to a peaceful frontier.

But this is not to say that the situation must remain static. King felt it possible for the Indians to be absorbed into our culture; one of his most likable characters is a graduate of Carlisle Indian Institute. Although he did not dwell on the point, one feels that this is his ultimate goal.

Perhaps what I have said has given the impression that King is of interest chiefly to the historian of the Indian fighting of the 1870's, and it is true that King's novels should be, I think, invaluable as historical documents. But there are three reasons why his books should have a wider appeal than merely to the scholar: first, they deal with a problem that is not merely localized but universal; second, they deal with a period which is of great interest to the contemporary historical novelist; and third, they are not primarily tracts at all but romances.

It should not be to the discredit of any work of fiction that it deals with the particular problems of a particular era, for historical events are commonly repetitious. The same problems, or problems very like them, are constantly recurring, and it ought to be as valuable to have King's first-hand and level-headed view of the Indian conflict as it is to have Thucydides' equally first-hand and even more level-headed account of the war in the Peloponnesus, or Stephen Crane's second-hand but extremely level-headed narrative of the Civil War. It is necessary to compare King's achievement with Crane's roughly contemporaneous one, because the comparison will point up the fact that while I have here emphasized what King had to say about

the causes of the war and what ought to be done about it, actually the books themselves emphasize soldier life just as Crane's did. King did not stress the unpleasant aspects of war so much as Crane did, but he did not deny them. His cavalymen run out of food and have to eat their own horses; his soldiers drink, swear, gamble, and get girls in trouble. In his battles men die and are often in pain. Barracks life is tedious, and officers are sometimes sadistic. Some officers are dishonest. Officers' wives gossip, sometimes to the destruction of innocent reputations. Undoubtedly all these things were true about army life in the 1870's, were true about the Civil War army of which Crane wrote, were true of the Greek armies in the Peloponnesian campaign, were true of the army pictured in *From Here to Eternity*. The problems of military life are universal, and an honest picture of them ought to survive.

But there is more to it than this. The problem which King almost without fail selects as the background for his stories is the conflict of a civilized race with a savage one. And this, too, is an eternal problem. One of the problems we are facing today internationally is how nations with different degrees of civilization can get along together. We are also faced with the problem of dealing with enemies of whom it is not at all certain that they will fight according to the rules of that institution which is paradoxically called "civilized warfare." We are also, internally, confronted with the necessity for deciding whether minority groups should be suppressed or integrated. In all these areas, King's picture of the Indian warfare of the 1870's may have something pertinent to suggest.

The second reason why the mere topicality of King's novels should not have militated against them is that they deal with an exciting and stirring chapter in American history, and one to which the historical novelist of today frequently returns for his inspiration. MacKinlay Kantor

and a host of lesser figures have contributed popular works of fiction about the Custer period, many of them devoted to making exactly the same points that King did. One would think, if a novel written today about the 1870's were popular, that a novel which was written about the 1870's by a participant in the action and which once was extremely popular would retain its popularity. But this is not true.

And, finally, the novels of Charles King are all primarily romances rather than propaganda tracts. The attention of the reader and novelist is centered not on the iniquities of the Indian Bureau but on whether John Truscott will marry Grace Pelham, his colonel's daughter. Surely, compared to the transient nature of interest in the Indian conflict, this poses a problem of perennial excitement. A similar question, for instance, forms the focal point of the activities in *Pride and Prejudice* and has kept that novel well supplied with readers for a century and a half.

The mere topicality of the subject, then, should not be a bar to the continued popularity of Charles King's work. After all, the novels of Thomas Love Peacock are still being read; and they are so topical that they require explanatory notes, while the topical references in King's works usually explain themselves. Thus we must look elsewhere for the explanation of King's present oblivion.

Can we suggest that the reason why King's novels are no longer read is not that they deal with the problems but that they portray the manners of a bygone era? It is true that the customs described are Victorian; in *The Colonel's Daughter*, for example, Mrs. Pelham tries to discredit her daughter's impecunious admirer by spreading gossip compromising him with a married woman. Many of the allegedly compromising incidents seem pretty tame to anyone who has read any of today's war novels, like *From Here to Eternity* or *Troubling of a Star*, and, indeed, one suspects that the rumors about Lt. Truscott would

have served not to discredit but to enhance him in the eyes of a modern heroine. It also seems to the modern reader that some of the soldiers are a little too gallant on the battlefield; but King was merely reporting what he himself had observed, and it is too easy to read contemporary war fiction and forget that there really is heroism in warfare, even yet. There seems to be a conspiracy these days to ignore the fact that men can be brave. And, again, there is a little too much feudalism in the officer-soldier relationship for the modern taste. Too often there is an Irish non-commissioned officer (King calls them "Patlanders") who conceives a high affection and respect for a lieutenant or captain or colonel and is willing to die for him; but these things do happen; King had seen them happen, and they happened especially in an army set up on feudal lines.

Most of the manners which King describes which seem to us too romantic are merely the manners of an age which was more romantic than ours, and King simply records them. Men and women acted differently then because it was expected of them, just as we perform many actions and accept many attitudes now because they are expected of us. Probably no two authors have written of Africa with more authoritative realism than H. Rider Haggard and Robert C. Ruark. The difference between them does not mean so much that Africa has changed as that our time is different from Haggard's. Once immorality was considered horrible; now morality is thought ridiculous. Once cowardice was stifled; now courage is. Once it was fashionable to admire a superior officer, even if you hated him; now it is fashionable to hate him, even if you admire him. But that is the way things were in those days, and we cannot blame King for them.

Moreover, it is true that historical novels dealing with precisely this period—manners, customs, and all—have been popular recently; and, even more significant, it is true

that there are many authors whose times we study in order to understand the manners described in their books. Anthony Trollope, we recognize, describes an age different from ours; but we make an effort to learn about it so that we can enjoy Trollope's chronicles of that age. King, it seems, is not worth that trouble.

Are the factors which have consigned King to literary limbo, then, wholly esthetic in nature? And that raises the question of just how good a writer King is: a question, unfortunately, that is difficult to answer about any author except ultimately in subjective terms. Most of King's novels that I have read have not impressed me very favorably; but three of them—*The Colonel's Daughter*, *A War-Time Wooing*, and *A Trooper Galahad*—strike me as still being readable. In the first two, at least, the plot is arresting, and one reads on to find out what is going to happen next.

*The Colonel's Daughter* is about two men in love with the same girl—not an entirely original idea, but one so tried and true that one can regard it as being sure-fire when not in absolutely incompetent hands. One of the men is a stalwart hero, a strong, silent man who goes out of his way to place the interests of others (including those of his rival) above his own; the other is a weakling, a sniveling puppy, who has, however, the advantages of being both wealthy and good-natured and of having the girl's mother, for financial reasons, on his side. The character of the puppy, Arthur Glenham, shows, by the way, that King was interested in some of the complexities of human personality, for he is not at all despicable. His amiable qualities include his good nature and a very humble acknowledgement of his own deficiencies; one rather likes Glenham, and one wishes him well. His trouble is that he loves Miss Pelham with too slavish an adoration—and the fact that this is so shows also that King was aware of some aspects of feminine psychology

and some of the weaknesses of the romantic fiction of his own period. Truscott, too, despite his heroism, is a clear, vivid, and memorable character—not at all a Sir Charles Grandison—and the dilemma he faces in choosing between maintaining his friendship for Glenham and pressing his suit for the hand of Miss Pelham is made very real to the reader. Sometimes, too, Truscott very realistically breaks under the strain and becomes bad-tempered and irritable; I am thinking particularly of one scene in which Glenham compounds the stress by asking Truscott for his advice about the courtship of Miss Pelham, and Truscott snaps at him. There are some notable minor figures in the book, as well; I might mention the character of Lt. Ray, a Kentucky gentleman who is gallant toward the ladies and rather too fond of his cards and his bottle.

The first half of *A War-Time Wooing* I found very suspenseful, although I must confess that the resolution of the problem came as an anticlimax. A young girl corresponds with a friend of her brother's during the Civil War; the friend, an army officer, is wounded; she goes to the hospital to visit him only to discover that he says that he has never written her and demonstrates, when she produces the letters, that they are not in his handwriting. It is a good mystery, but unfortunately it is too easily solved, and there is too much of coincidence throughout the story.

*A Trooper Galahad* suffers more than the other books in portraying a late-nineteenth-century world, for the now outmoded mores of its age form a more integral part of the plot. Moreover, while its hero is not quite the prig one would suspect from the title, he still is far too good to be true for a modern reader. And the story is rambling and not very exciting—except, unfortunately, where it is improbable. Despite these major defects, however, the book is still lively enough in its view of army life to hold attention to the end; it held my attention, although it was by no means the first book of King's that I had read.



I might also mention that there is some humor in the books. One scene from *The Colonel's Daughter* might be adduced here as evidence. Mrs. Pelham has sent an orderly out looking for Glenham.

. . . Half an hour passed, and at last a form came stalking up before her through the darkness,—the orderly, but no Glenham.

"Could you not find Mr. Glenham?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. The loot'nint isn't in his quarters, nor down at the store, nor over at the company. I've looked everywhere, ma'am, except among the officers' quarters."

She pondered a moment. It was hardly possible that he would be calling anywhere this evening of all others. A sudden thought struck her.

"Have you been to Mr. Ray's camp?"

"Yes, an' he ain't there. Mr. Ray, he's down at the store playin'—" and the orderly finished his sentence with a conscience stricken gulp, it suddenly occurring to him that possibly poker was not to be mentioned to so exalted a lady as the colonel's wife, but madame had no scruples in the matter. Here was a possibility of confirmatory evidence at Mr. Ray's expense.

"What was he playing, orderly?"

"Cards, ma'am."

"Yes. Cards, of course; but what game?"

"They plays it with chips, ma'am," said the orderly, vainly struggling to repair the damage of his unlucky admission.

This passage will also serve as an example of King's style. Unlike many novelists of his period, King wrote a fairly straightforward prose, with no attempt at "fine writing." He never grows florid or gushy; at his worst he grows pedestrian and trite, but he rarely reaches his worst. It is an undistinguished style, but a workmanlike and clear one which does not intrude itself between the reader and the story. Some of his dialogue, like that of many of the popular fiction writers, gets stilted, but most of it is pretty good; one can hear it spoken as one reads it. This is a result of a deliberate effort; King was consciously aware of what he was doing. He wrote in the preface to *The Colonel's Daughter*:

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is responsible for the statement that "Spartans, stoics, heroes, saints, and gods use a short and positive speech." This may account for the fact that there are no conversations worth reading in this entire story.

The spontaneous wisdom and eloquence that animates the characters of Bulwer and Disraeli to the habitual and familiar use of language outrivalling the diction of Richelieu, the colossal attainments of the natives neighboring Chattanooga, as set forth in *St. Elmo*, and discovered (by aid of the unabridged) in their off-hand chats, the wit and sparkle of that phenomenally delicious couple, Tom and Bessie, who irradiate not only "One Summer," but every season in which they may be encountered,—all will be found wanting herein. My people simply talk, as people in the line of the army will talk,—most prosaically.

There is an emotional charge here; King was upset. And it must be admitted, on the evidence of the novels themselves, that King made an effort to live up to this claim. He was not entirely successful; but the attempt was still there. The passage just quoted recalls us, however, to our purpose. Although the references to *St. Elmo* and to *One Summer* may not strike a responsive chord, assuredly we have at least heard of the novels of Bulwer and Disraeli. But who ever heard of Charles King? And why has he been so utterly forgotten?

As I read through King's books, and there are only a few that I have not read, two weaknesses struck me as being vital. The first is that there is really very little insight into humanity, and the second is that King's power of description is weak.

King is not totally without insight; you can find examples of insight in nearly all his books. But you do not feel that he is searching deeply into all his characters to determine what forces have acted upon them to produce them. And this is where he seems especially deficient when compared with Stephen Crane. You come away from *The Red Badge of Courage* with the feeling that you have been down deep, very deep, into these characters—although not even Crane is primarily concerned with motivation. But you come

away from King with the feeling that you have skimmed over the surface of his people, that there is more to them than King has taken the time to let you see. To too great an extent King's characters are merely *personae*—masks. You do not see very deeply, actually, into Mrs. Bennett in *Pride and Prejudice*; but beside her how shallow Mrs. Pelham seems. This is probably because King never seems really to have understood the real people who served as the models for his characters. Crane and Jane Austen, on the other hand, knew down to the bone the people about whom they wrote. Even though they do not analyze them extensively for the reader, the results of their knowledge are apparent in the finished product. King, on the other hand, was a good observer of surfaces, although perhaps not so acute a one as the really great novelists were; but his observations did not penetrate beyond these surfaces.

In the autobiographical narrative of his service with the Fifth Cavalry, *Campaigning with Crook*, King reveals his deficiency in description. He is always telling his readers that he has seen beautiful views and always talking about the very real appreciation of nature that he seems to have had, and yet he can never describe scenes in such a manner that the reader can participate in his enjoyment of them. This weakness involves not alone a lack of descriptive passages in the novels; it also involves a lack of power to describe events so that the reader feels them vividly.

Turning again to *Campaigning with Crook* for an example: King's march was a hideous experience. The men ran out of food and had to eat their horses. Do you get, from King's account, any feeling of actually participating in that experience? No; King merely reports that when he ate his horse, Donnybrook, one of his companions called it "Donnybrook fare." Eventually they began even to run out of horses to eat; they were ragged and footsore. It is difficult to conceive how men in their condition could have defeated

the Sioux who massacred Custer even if they had caught up with them. They came upon a Sioux village which they were able to capture by surprise because the men were all away, and the soldiers rejoiced because they had tender Sioux ponies to eat instead of tough stringy cavalry horses. It is an experience which might have been told in such a way as to produce a work of the very first magnitude; all the material is there. But King does not describe these events so as to make the reader feel them—actually *feel* them—vividly. And he carries this weakness over into his novels with precisely the same results. Only the Indian battle at the opening of *Fort Frayne*, one of his weakest novels structurally, is fully realized so that the reader has a sense of being a witness.

If you stand at the top of a hill and throw objects out into the wind, you will discover that the heavier objects go farther. It takes a certain weight to keep from being blown away, and light objects have no chance. A literary work needs weight of some kind in order to persist, to endure. The lack of real insight into his characters and his inability to describe events so that they become real, so that the reader participates in them, so that when one puts the book down it is like emerging from experience—these deficiencies have made King's work light-weight, so that they have been blown away by the winds of time.

It makes one wonder how many of today's popular novels will last into the next generation and beyond. Enjoyed by readers today, will they find readers tomorrow? Will they have sufficient weight to withstand the wind, or will they be blown away? And what are the lacking qualities which, if they had had them, might have allowed them to survive into the future?

# A Kansas Romance of the Gay Nineties

HOMER E. SOCOLOFSKY

HISTORIANS and literary stylists have tended to give titles to different periods in history. Outstanding personalities or well-recognized traits lend their identity to certain spans of time. Thus, "the Critical Period of American History" of John Fiske is recognized as the time of the Articles of Confederation; *The Sentimental Years* by E. Douglas Branch lends its title to three ante-bellum decades. A similar time-span after the Civil War is described by art historian Lewis Mumford as *The Brown Decades*, for he holds that the color "of life in America changed after that." The period from 1912 to 1917 is described by Henry F. May as *The End of American Innocence*. Clyde Brion Davis called virtually the same era *The Age of Indiscretion*, and Frederick Lewis Allen has written of *The Big Change* for the first half of the twentieth century. Mark Sullivan, in *Our Times*, described the period from 1900 to 1925 in an entertaining manner, and he dipped back into the previous decade to set the stage for his many volumes.

The decade of the 1890's has been recognized with more than its share of names. Thomas Beer called it *The Mauve Decade* (and Winslow Homer defined mauve as pink trying to be purple). Novelists have had a field day in romanticizing the period as a part of the American Victorian Age. In nostalgic remembrance they have used the phrase, "Golden Nineties" or "Gay Nineties" to recapture the flavor of life that had an apparently serene

and unruffled order and well-established standards which seem to have disappeared with the passing years.

Roger Burlingame in *The American Conscience* claims to have made an "objective study of that gaslight era when the dirt in the corners was hardly visible." Mid-Victorian behavior-patterns to him were a disgraceful spectacle, and he was particularly aware of the submergence of reality in romantic dreams of "sweetness and light," of unhealthy fashions in women's clothing, of inhibitions at sex-education for adolescents, of hypocritical sentimentalism, and of ostrich-attitudes of the well-to-do toward the "other half." Burlingame noted that Victorian repressions and complacency frequently covered the volcanic unrest of various reform movements, and that statute law and *compliance* with law were often different matters.

More sympathetically, Frederick Lewis Allen recalled that the ideal woman of the nineties "was the sheltered lady, swathed not only in silk and muslin but in innocence and propriety, and the ideal man, whether a pillar of rectitude or a gay dog, virtuously protected the person and reputation of such tender creatures as were entrusted into his care." In a similar vein, R. V. Cutler has described *The Gay Nineties* as a "hallowed cut-glass era," as a time of "live and let live" when "politics was irrevocably decided by heredity." He seemed to say of those arty days of "beribboned hand-painted pin cushions, scenic fire shovels, gilded rolling pins, . . . and burnt-leather pillows," that men were men and the women were glad of it. Lewis E. Atherton explained the lack of Midwestern male application in artistic developments of the nineties as acceptance of and compliance with the "cult of the immediately useful and practical."

Life in growing urban parts of Kansas in the "gay nineties" differed from other similar American areas only in degree. Kansas in 1890 had a population of just over 1,400,000, a decline of almost 100,000 from the peak of two



years earlier. Although it had a reported loss of 9,000 in the same period, Topeka, with a population of about 25,000, was stubbornly hanging on to second place among Kansas cities, just behind Leavenworth. Topeka residents were proud of their city, already a third of a century old, because of its splendid street railways, its role as center of Santa Fe railroad activities, and its position as the state capital.

Here in the capital city, a romance flourished and bloomed in the early nineties between two talented young Kansans, Florence Crawford and Arthur Capper. They were married in 1892, and together in the next third of a century they experienced the pleasures and pains of a successful publishing enterprise and the positions of Governor of Kansas and United States Senator, with all their attendant social obligations. This article will concentrate on the years 1891 and 1892, a period in their lives which is relatively unknown. Special emphasis will be placed on the time from mid-June, 1891, to the end of February, 1892, now available through personal journals kept by the young lovers during a period in which they were often separated by more than a thousand miles. Because these diaries were never intended for more than private enjoyment, their comments and statements are more revealing than any other source of the personal lives of Florence Crawford and Arthur Capper.

Florence Crawford was born in Topeka in 1868, the daughter of Governor and Mrs. Samuel J. Crawford. Capper had been born three years earlier in Garnett. Florence was reared in Emporia, Washington, D. C., and in Topeka, where her father's growing law practice enabled him to provide a luxurious living for his family. In addition to public and private elementary schools, she attended the Episcopalian College of the Sisters of Bethany in Topeka and the Conservatory of Music in Boston, where she had instruction in singing and in piano and harp.

Capper's father was a tinner, hardware merchant, and real estate promoter. In Garnett, where the family home was maintained during most of Capper's youth, the family was not rich but was considered well-to-do. They lived well but not extravagantly or ostentatiously.

After 1884, Topeka was Arthur Capper's home. Shortly after graduation from high school he went to the *Topeka Daily Capital* as a printer. Within six months he had transferred to the editorial side of the newspaper; another half year passed before he became city editor and telegraph editor. By 1891 he was well known in Kansas journalism and a valued writer for the *Capital* and Republican newspapers throughout the state.

Capper led an active social life from the day of his arrival in Topeka. An earlier diary shows his frequent contacts with Topeka "society" even though he had a job which filled many of the evening hours. At this time Capper was five feet eight inches tall, and he weighed between 125 and 130 pounds, a weight that hardly varied throughout his life. Although not athletically inclined, he traveled around Topeka in the late eighties and early nineties by bicycle. In an apparently contradictory way he combined a mild and reserved manner with the active life of a party-goer. He enjoyed dancing, card-playing, and the company of attractive ladies.

After half a dozen years in Topeka, Capper was increasingly attracted to the blonde, somewhat frail Florence Crawford, and in June, 1891, shortly before his departure for eight to twelve months in New York and Washington, they reached an understanding. As an outsider, William Allen White in later years recalled Florence and Arthur and the "gay young crowd . . . butterflying around in Topeka," in the nineties. White wrote,

Those were the good old-fashioned days when there were dances and parties and when young people paired off and "went together,"—no necking parties! They sat on front porches on cool

summer evenings and sang a little and danced a little and came trooping down to Kansas avenue in surreys with fringed tops and basket phaetons behind good old family horses. The whole care-free troop of them piled into an ice cream parlor and made merry riot.

The reason Arthur Capper and Florence Crawford were not always together during their courting days and the reason for the journals which provide the basic source for this romance of the 1890's was Capper's desire to acquaint himself more fully with the profession of journalism through a close examination of newspaper operations in New York and Boston. When Congress convened in late 1891, he planned to go to Washington and serve as a correspondent for the *Capital* and other newspapers. Letters of introduction were accumulated and preparations were made for a thorough examination of publishing enterprises in the East. Capper's ambition to obtain a "post-graduate" course in practical journalism did not meet with wholesale approval in Kansas. Some of the state papers expressed the belief that even if he did work on a metropolitan daily, the work would not be the kind that would give him much chance to learn.

On June 19, 1891, Capper left by rail for the East. According to the *Capital*, "A party of his lady and gentlemen friends bid him good bye at the train." Upon his departure, Florence gave him a small journal or diary, and she kept an identical volume for herself. When aboard the train he wrote, "It will be one of my dearest treasures and her request that I write in it daily will be faithfully observed." Capper was sentimental and idealistic about his relationship with Florence Crawford. In a sense he placed her on a pedestal, for he wrote in his journal that he had nearly convinced his mother "that Florence is the loveliest of girls," and "Upon Florence's happiness depends my own happiness."

While Arthur was seeing new sights and gaining new

experiences, Florence was left at home, completely depressed. Her initial entry in the diary was,

I open the first page of this journal with a sadder heart than I ever had in all my life before. He—Arthur is gone, gone for eight long months—and the feeling of desolation and loss that now and then comes over me is almost unbearable, and *far, far* worse than I even thought it would be, although I knew I had a hard battle to fight. I managed to brace up fairly well until he had gone but gave up completely then (at the station I mean). Mabel from sympathy began to cry also, and to an outsider it must have been rather comical.

Florence complained to her journal when she wrote, "How happy I was a week ago today and how miserable I am today. . . . Why did he leave me when we were so happy together. . . . I *cannot* stand it for eight months . . . what will I do. What will I do." Reluctantly she told her journal, "A man has so many different things to take up his mind I don't believe he feels a separation from anyone—even if he cares for the person a great deal—as keenly as a woman does." In comparison to Florence's journal, Arthur's contained a few confessions in this vein: "Don't believe I ever felt so lonely without her."

The journals indicate that both Florence and Arthur kept busy in social activities, in sight-seeing, and in work, and that absence did make their hearts grow fonder. Their relationship to each other did not exactly fit the Mid-Victorian behavior-patterns pictured by many of the writers of the period. But the young couple could easily be considered the epitome of a proper young lady and young man of the American Victorian Era. Their journals chronicle innumerable activities, and their variety and extent makes one wonder whether the "gay nineties" were as easy-going as they are generally portrayed.

For example, Florence, who was soon sporting a lovely diamond engagement ring which Arthur sent from New York, did not curtail many social activities because of the

departure of her fiancé. She was concerned lest she do anything that "would seem untrue to Arthur," but her friends were so demanding of her time and so insistent on her doing one thing after another that she was unsure of whether or not she was doing right. A varied group of young men provided her escort, and a steady round of late hours with inadequate rest in the first two months after Capper's departure very nearly caused her to have nervous prostration.

Florence recorded in her journal an amazing array of planned and unplanned, formal and informal social activities for the period from mid-June to early August. A mere listing of these activities does not tell the complete story, but it offers some idea of the vast number of things which could take up the time of a young lady just turned twenty-three. She attended band concerts and card parties; she went to her book club and to the Chautauqua assembly; she showed up at many teas and small companies; and she went to many dances, musicales, and frequently to "Hopkins" for ice cream. The mandolin club serenaded her on at least one occasion, and her brother George lectured her because she was "going fishing with only three others in the party." Because of that she had "a good spell of the blues to pay." She also mentioned other social activities such as a straw ride, a canvas dance, a subscription party, and the fact that her group had gone to one or two places to hear a phonograph. Even though money was no object, most of her social activities were of the non-commercial variety.

Florence was also taking vocal and instrumental music lessons during the same two-month period. She spent one day in Ottawa, going there by rail and returning on the same day. She wrote letters to Arthur every other day; she enjoyed extended visits at the home of her girl-friends, and the Crawford residence at the corner of Fifth and Harrison was a social gathering place. With her mother

she went shopping, and she helped return calls to family acquaintances. She frequently wrote that she went "down street" for something or other, and she also spent much time driving around Topeka behind either Billy or Captain, two of the Crawford family horses.

Usually Florence avoided attending church services, but she was apologetic in her journal for this. She also had a knack for avoiding work around the Crawford residence, but in reality there was never any real work for her to do. She did mend clothing, help make bedding, and she sewed at various kinds of fancy-work, including a pillow for George and one for her mother, but usual household work in the large and elaborate Crawford home was under the care of servants, and she seems to have had no responsibilities along that line. During the infrequent times when she was by herself she practiced her music, read, and wrote letters. Her busy schedule caused her to complain in her diary, especially when unexpected company kept her from writing to Arthur.

Early in August the Crawford family journeyed to Nantucket Island for a vacation. On the way Arthur and Florence were together two days in New York. Time passed so swiftly that Florence did not record the daily events. Afterwards, when she was leaving Arthur behind in New York, she wrote, "Oh how I hated to see Arthur go again." His record for the same day included the comment that "separation from her is my only misfortune."

Former governor Crawford had been called to Washington, and when he returned to his family in mid-September, Capper joined him on the trip from New York to Nantucket. Speculatively Florence wrote in her journal, "Those two—papa and Arthur—are on the Fall River steamer now. They are sitting on the deck, papa with his feet on the railing smoking and doing all the talking, Arthur listening, quiet but taking it all in. 'Still water runs deep.'"



For another week Florence and Arthur had a delightful and romantic time. The journals show that they were in love and that they enjoyed their week together at Nantucket. Just being together was all that they asked: Florence recorded little activities like going "down to see the Gay Head come in this evening & afterwards went up to the Cliffs just for the walk." But the vacation soon came to an end, and Florence and her mother went back to New York with Arthur. More sight-seeing and attendance at a concert in Madison Square Garden filled a crowded forty-eight hours.

From New York Florence and her mother visited New England and Washington and then returned to Topeka. After almost two months away from home Florence wrote, "When pleasure is made a business I grow tired of it." She was both "glad and sorry" to be home again. She fearfully predicted that her mother would not want to return to Washington and that Arthur would be there for some time.

For Florence the final months of waiting were the hardest. She was beginning to lose interest in her journal, but at the same time she was telling a great deal about herself in the things she wrote. She recorded how she had gone with friends "down to the jail to see a man brought in who tried to kill his wife & himself. He did not succeed but was brought up to the jail." Several months later she wrote: "They are threatening to hang a man down at the county jail and I want to sit up—but papa says no—so here I am—missing all the fun as usual. . . ." She added that "Topeka will get a hard name if they hang every man the[y] don't happen to approve of—So I hope they will not succeed although he deserves it."

For two months in late 1891 and early 1892, the Crawford home was undergoing complete redecoration. Florence's comments were mostly about the inconveniences. "They have been varnishing the floor of the dining room,"

she wrote, "so we now have to go up the front flight & down the back to get to the kitchen." Again she wrote that December 22 was the "most uncomfortable day I have passed for a long time. Every room is occupied by painters, plumbers or papers hangers & there is not a carpet down in the house. A most disagreeable state of affairs. Well—there is a consolation in the fact that it could not possibly be worse & will therefore soon be better. We cannot do any work but just impatiently watch the men." Finally in January, she was helping to hang pictures and to put up draperies in her room, but she was concerned because Arthur's return from Washington was still uncertain.

Capper had gone east with the intention of spending as much as a year away from Topeka. Florence, in her own mind, believed that he would not stay away longer than eight months and in a manner of wishful thinking she shortened that time by an additional month or more. When Governor Crawford again returned to Washington she wrote, "Papa is going away . . . and I want Arthur. I think it is horrid to have all the folks I care for fifteen hundred miles away. It is not right to be always scattered from each other for what is money to happiness and contentment."

In Washington, Arthur Capper was disturbed by Florence's impatience. He wrote, "How happy I would be if Florence was here tonight as I hoped at one time she would be. Separation for two months longer but I must stand it." He was having an exciting time, with Congress opening, with a visit to President Benjamin Harrison, and with his many contacts in the national capital. He, too, was disappointed when an expected letter failed to arrive. "But then I should not be unreasonable," he wrote, "for she has been so good about writing—indeed she has never failed to write regularly in the . . . months that I have been away. No I have no reason to complain, but I was so anxious tonight to hear from her."

When he heard that the *Capital* wanted him to stay in Washington until Congress adjourned, Capper delayed a whole week before he sent the news to Florence. He wrote in his journal, "I wish Florence knew how hard it was for me to write that and how it breaks my heart almost to think of being away from her five or six months. I hope she will not blame me, but I see no way out of staying here."

Florence did take it hard. Her father had also written that Arthur was not well and it gave her "another scare." In her journal she wrote,

Even that sends such a chill over me it frightens me to see how dependent I am upon his health & well being for my happiness. I can think of nothing else—& have almost a stifled feeling at the very thought of his being sick. Oh I don't like to care so much for one person—it is dangerous to place all your happiness in the life of one person for should anything happen the wreck would be complete. I who in all my life have been so selfish & regardless of others—who always thought I would never love any man—now to give up so entirely & to feel that life is only worth living if it is to be with that one man. I hope—I pray that Heaven will be kind to me & let me have sorrows—if sorrows I must have—of all other kinds & spare to me that one person who is so very very much to me. "Tis better to have loved and lost" is not true.

The following day Florence displayed her tempestuous and changeable nature: "I am downright angry with Arthur—I have not heard one word from him since Sunday four days & a half. If he is sick—no even then he would be able to write a few lines. It is simply carelessness & he should not be careless with me— . . ." From then on Florence's journal entries were short; she was trying to save space to make the book last eight months. On page 192 she wrote,

The last page of this old book. I wrote in it for the first time eight months ago tonight—the most unhappy girl in Kansas—and I write the last time tonight—while of course not with that intensive desperate feeling I had before still with nothing like the happy joyful feeling I expected to have. When six months is added to an eight month's separation a separation that has been almost

heartbreaking to me—it would require a very calm patient girl to bear it without complaining & that I am not—My dear Arthur the longing—the almost fierce desire I sometimes have to see him. I ask Heaven—oh so earnestly to guard him & keep him safe & well & bring him back to me the same honest—true *lover* that he was when he left Topeka so long ago.

Capper's journal entries continue for another ten days. On one day in late February he wrote, "I wonder if Florence has any idea how lonesome I am tonight. I wonder if we really must be separated until next summer. I don't see how I can bear it that long. I wish I could tell her tonight how much I love her. I must write to her, now that I cannot see her, to make me a promise."

In late March, Florence and her mother left for Washington. Newspaper notices sometimes linked the Crawford-Capper names. Florence and Arthur had a happy time.

Capper did not have to stay for the entire session of Congress after all. Florence and her mother returned home in late April and Arthur on May 4. The *Kansas City Star* even reported that Arthur and Florence were married on May 2, in Washington. In a retraction, three days later, the *Star* said that Arthur Capper and Florence Crawford were not married, after all, and attributed the story to a Washington jokester, who would "change his tune when the fool killer gets him."

The Crawford-Capper marriage came only a half year later. Arthur worked out of Topeka obtaining political news for the *Capital* for the 1892 campaign, and he was with Florence a good deal of the time. Stories of the wedding of Florence Crawford and Arthur Capper on December 1, 1892, listed it as "foremost in this week's social calendar." The ceremony viewed by 150 guests was fully recorded in all Topeka newspapers and it was given wide notice throughout the Kansas press.

The young couple spent their honeymoon at the Beach House near Galveston. Upon their return to Topeka they

were welcomed in the big Crawford mansion with a reception attended by 200 persons.

The Crawford-Capper courtship had lasted about two years. The background of the young couple was in many ways the same. There was never any indication that Florence Crawford was marrying below her station in life. Capper may have received some advantages from his marriage in his later rise in the business and political world, but he proudly maintained that he never had to depend on the plentiful financial resources of his father-in-law.

Although she had a reputation as a cool and austere person, Florence had a devoted life partner in Arthur Capper. She was never one to mix with the common people as her husband was, and she detested any personal involvement in politics, but she seemed particularly pleased when he went to Washington as a United States Senator from Kansas. Even after her death, Capper was surrounded by her pictures, and although many tried in the remaining twenty-five years of his life, no one was able to entangle him in another matrimonial alliance.

Knowledge of this particular Kansas romance of the "Gay Nineties" may add only a little to the social history of the state and the nation. The mere fact that the participants in this little episode later became national figures takes it out of the local history or antiquarian scene into the realm of state or national history. We are indebted to the impetuous, vivacious, and sometimes thoughtless Miss Florence Crawford for being able to tell the story at all. She recorded in her own journal the following short poem, which for all its faults, adds further to our knowledge of the girl who became the wife of Arthur Capper.

Hereafter!—And do you think to look  
On the terrible pages of this book  
To find my failings, faults and errors—  
Ah, you will then have other cares.  
In your own shortcomings or despairs,  
In your own secret sins and terrors.

## L. W. Michaelson

*Dissertation on Durrellian Adjectives  
Found Floating in and Around Alexandria*

Sky, buck-naked pearl, air  
lime laden, laced with dust:  
lemon-mauve, red-brick dust,  
green, rainbow-hued dust, mixed  
with petal-peganited pollened lips  
and slate-grey streets spaced against  
the white, grey-blue, magnetic-blue  
and black sea—  
I stand, silhouetted against honey gold,  
petalled women with breasts like  
etiolated flowers—  
too rich for my barren,  
adjective-free, brick-red blood.

There in black serpentine, rainbow  
waters, with mauve-lemon, brick  
and green lime dust choking  
my perforated, beet-red, lemon  
coated lungs, I drown overwhelmed  
by multi-colored waves,  
drown gasping at honey-colored,  
sensual, saffron straw of hair,  
encarnadine next the  
lime-vermillion shore.



## *looking forward . . .*

SOME CAREFUL READERS may have noted that in this particular issue our contributors represent a fairly strong midwestern orientation. Of the six articles here presented, five are the work of observers, teachers, and scholars in three essentially midwestern states: Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Our other four contributors hail from only three other states—Colorado, Illinois, and New York—and only the last can be called non-midwestern. Now this has not come about because of any particular bent or prejudice on the part of the editors, nor should it be interpreted as a conscious effort to emphasize the name and style of our journal. As we announced two years ago this month when we began publication, “in [our] selection of the name, *THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY*, [we] hoped to express not a geographically or regionally restricted outlook but rather a broad point of view, to some extent analogous with the broad horizons of the American Midwest.” As we begin our third year of operation, it may be advisable to reiterate this and other points. “This journal is not designed to be merely the voice of a particular institution or locality.” It seems appropriate to add, against the background of two years of experience in academic publication, “nor is it conceived and executed as the oracle of any particular discipline or point of view.” We think that no candid critic of our two-year history will argue that we have departed in practice from this policy-statement. We are certain, on the basis of material on hand submitted by a score of contributors in a dozen or so states *not* referred to above, that future issues will continue to underscore this position.

There is a regrettable tendency in some areas remote from the American Midwest to believe that midwestern colleges and universities are staffed primarily by midwesterners—drawling, droll fellows, slow-witted, sun-bronzed, perhaps booted and definitely limited in intellectual scope by experience and training. To suggest the lie to this provincial attitude, we simply re-assert what we stated two years ago: “of the [seven] people whose names appear on the title page, [not] one is a Kansan; [they] are from [seven] other states as far apart as New York and Texas. The institutions of higher learning directly contributing to the background, training, and points of view of the editors total twenty-five, as far apart as [North Carolina] and [Washington]. Changes in the composition

of our editorial staff have made necessary the slight [bracketed] changes. We go forward with substantially the same editorial board with which we started out. This has, of course, helped immeasurably in the continuity of our planning and operation. When necessary, we shall continue the practice of calling on qualified consultants in various specialized fields for assistance in the analysis and selection of material for publication.

With this issue we inaugurate a slight change in typography, so slight indeed that it may have gone unnoticed: the names of our contributing poets are and will continue to be more prominently displayed than they have been in the past. This is after all a difficult world for poets, as it always has been to a greater or lesser degree for most imaginative men and women. This new policy is our small effort to accord recognition of a fact pointed out by, of all people, Karl Marx back in 1852: "a poet—no matter what he may be as a man—requires applause, admiration. I think it lies in the very nature of the species." The observation may strike many readers as more humanistic than materialistic. In either or any case, we desire in this small way to record our applause and admiration for our poets whose only reward is to see their songs in print for all to hear.

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